

Lone Warrior

by still-guns

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, OC, Stoick

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-01-01 16:30:13

Updated: 2015-01-20 17:52:11

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:17:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 11

Words: 23,179

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Anders Lanquist is a Norwegian fighter pilot defending the strategic Island of Berk from the Germans in an alternate WW2.

Without warning he is transported back in time to when the Vikings inhabit the land. Stuck in an unfamiliar landscape and battling his own personal demons, Anders must come to terms with his predicament and help out his new friends in a bizarre turn of events.

1. Introduction

****How to Train Your Dragon meets the modern day****

_I have recently become enamoured with the movie _How to Train Your Dragon_. What a movie I must say. However, call me retarded or whatever, but my leaning to of World War 2 war machines has interfered. _World of Tanks _and the _Spitfire_ are at the forefront of this. However, after much schizophrenic debate, I have decided a single Spitfire would be more appropriate than an army of of tanks against a bunch of Vikings. ENJOYS!_

****HICCUP****

This is Berk. It's a rather unforgiving looking island with a rather unforgiving sounding name. The large majority of the Viking population are also rather dull. A few short months ago, they would've been rather vicious aswell, had I, Hiccup Horrendous the Third, not made sure the entire village was rather, well, eaten. Sounds strange, huh? Yeah I bet it does seeing as I didn't make sense on that last sentence and I seem to have momentarily forgotten punctuation... oh wait, we speak Norse. Norse doesn't have punctuation, save for underlining. But, at least pretty much _everything_ is shipshape, because the war is over, it's a New Year (AD1013) and Astrid and I have decided this 'thing between us' should become a proper relationship. No sharing beds though, heheh, bit too young for that.

And Toothless? Well, he's Toothless. We still go flying and even Astrid will come along for a ride. It does mean I have to ride Stormfly so she doesn't get jealous. Sadly though, we still haven't found another Night Fury like him. It has become apparent that when we were at war, he was the only Fury during my lifetime to ever attack us. Could he be the last one of his kind? If only we could go far enough to find one...

****ANDERS****

This is Berk. It's a small island off the coast of Iceland and right now... the stage for the largest air battle of the War. My name is Anders Lanquist. My aircraft is a Spitfire Mark XXI with contra-props, two M2 Browning machine guns and two 20mm Hispano autocannon. I am a Norwegian pilot of No.332 Squadron RAF. And I hate Germans.

They were getting away. The Jul87 ducked and weaved. But it was still a big target. I lined him up and scowled at the rear gunner. Then I pushed the fire button. My two 0.50 cal's roared and the 20mm Hispanos thundered. The Super-Stuka disintegrated under 2 seconds of bullets. I heard a BANG!

'Damn!' I thought, 'Friendly flak is too close.'

"Attention all fighters," came the voice of Air Commodore Stockard, "The German fleet has launched another wave of fighter-bombers from the _Graf Zeppelin_. Intercept at close range." 190's! Finally a REAL challenge. I crashed the throttle into full power. The Rolls-Royce Griffon 65 screamed and the contra-rotating props whined. I pulled the joystick about and pulled into the enemy. A FW190D was quickly in my sights. I pushed the trigger again and the quad heavy weapons cracked. The 190 shed a wing, rolled and dove uncontrollable below me. BANG! My eyes darted ahead, too late to notice the ball of flak ahead of me. I had no choice but to fly through the flames!

I survived but I saw the leading edges of my wings were burning. My props were also engulfed in flame. I gazed in horror as the fires grew and engulfed my plane. I opened my mouth to scream as the flames entered the cockpit, but nothing ever came out.

2. The Appearance

****Welcome to Chapter 2... This will be much longer, as in at least two thousand words.****

****ASTRID****

Night was closing in. A cold night, but it wasn't so cold as to ruin our plans. Another ride on Toothless. I'm not saying it isn't fun, it is. But there is little else we can do on this island without the other teens seeing us together. I guess we're still both rather shy, but it'll come naturally some day. As I walked through the village, I caught sight of Gobber in the Blacksmith's/Dragon Dentists. He was fixing up a Zippleback that had got its two sets of teeth caught up with the other. A pair of screech caused me to jump as Gobber forced the heads apart.

"Ther' we are!" he shouted triumphantly, "Now next time Ah see yer, I

don't want yer to be in that stat' again!" The Zippleback's heads nodded glumly, then the beast turned and plodded away. Shaking his head, Gobber turned my way.

"Ahh! Astrid how luvly to see yer." I smiled, but kept walking.

"Evening Gobber. BarfBelch being like Ruff and Tuff again?" I laughed and stopped.

"Heh-heh, just like their owners, they're like those Thorsten twins and will fight over th' silliest thing..." he paused, "You won't find him that way."

"Find who?" I mused, somewhat playfully.

"Hiccup!" he roared, "He's over at Raven Point with that Night Fury of his. Waiting fer _you_ I should think." He grinned, his false tooth glinting in the moonlight.

"Its hard to believe that this time last year, you wouldn't even have considered him being th' man made for ya!" That made me think. Oh how I would've been berated for going out with the village failure. Never any good at anything, but I have to admit it, he was pretty good-looking. He was and still is, a bit scrawny, but I'm quite thin aswell. Plus, how could anyone have known he was capable of far more?

"Well Astrid, I won't keep yer any longer. Can't keep Hiccup waitin'! Have a good night Lass!"

"Good Night!" I called back and, with a grin, turned away.

Toothless noticed me first. He must've caught my scent. He kinked his head and faced me. His pupils went from slits to big pools of black as he realised who I was. He turned and bounded over to me. He jumped and landed on me, both of us crashing to the floor. Toothless was overcome with joy, as if he had last seen me years ago and licked me contentedly.

"Hey Buddy! You only saw me a couple of hours ago!" I laughed, his rough tongue tickling my nose, "Stoooooop! You're gonna make me sneeze! You don't want snot in your mouth do you!" That's when he stopped. Not even a Typhoomerang would want _that_ in its mouth. Fazed by the prospect of a snotty face, Toothless got off me and finally I could get up. I giggled, patted his head and turned to Hiccup.

My heart skipped a beat as we met eye-to-eye. I felt myself blushing, but then again, so was he. Neither of us expected to be together. He took my hand and kissed me tentatively on the cheek.

"Evening M'Lady." he whispered lightly in my ear. He knows I like that! It gives me goosebumps everytime! He looked into my eyes once again and smiled, "Shall we get going?" He already knew the answer and was already guiding me towards Toothless by the time I said a faint lovestruck 'Yes'.

****TOOTHLESS****

"Hey Buddy! You only saw me a couple of hours ago!" Well yes of course, but you haven't ridden me for weeks friend Astrid.

"Stooooooooop! You're gonna make me sneeze! You don't want snot in your mouth do you!" Oops. I forgot humans have hairy noses... well at least hairy on the inside. Okaaaayyyy, I won't you anymore. I'll let you get up and snog Hiccup. Whatever snog means. Is it part of that holiday? I felt a weight on my back. I turned my head slightly and looked back. Astrid was there, holding onto my harness. I watched Hiccup get up and heard his false leg click into place. He near hugged Astrid to place his hands on the harness.

"Ok bud, let's go." I nodded, looked ahead, spread out my wings and took off. A slight tug on my tail told me my prosthetic was open and I could fly without falling out of the sky because the of imbalance that plagued me. Something kept nagging me though. Something was going to go wrong...

****HICCUP****

We dove through the clouds, skimmed the seas and went where Vikings rarely went. At night, Berk looked incredible. The village lit up like a beacon. It would guide us home. Toothless through the mist that covered the rocks, but not through the formations themselves, which is good. I don't think Astrid and I really want to come home covered in lunch. I manoeuvred my foot in the stirrup and it clacked to another position. We darted up through the cloud layer, the last vestiges of sunlight draining away. Astrid turned around to face me, hiking her leg's over to the opposite sides of the dragon beneath.

"It's just as beautiful as the first time we came up here. I don't think I'll ever grow tired of it. Thank you Hiccup," She hugged me tightly, "That's for the date..." She pulled away and gazed into my eyes, the warm blue iris's surrounding the pools of her pupils. She pulled me closer and I had to let go of the harness to take the back of her neck. When our lips met, I felt complete. I felt so completely giddy as well I didn't want it to end and I felt lonely again when she broke off,

"And that's for everything else." She closed her eyes and nestled her head against mine, resting her chin on my shoulder, her sensuous blonde hair flicking into my face. It was then I noticed Toothless bucking and belting, a screech of dismay emanating from his mouth. I thought he was losing control, so I clicked my foot into another position and went to take hold of the harness again, but Astrid's grip got uncomfortably tighter.

"Hey Asstrid, too... tight!" I moaned. Her reply chilled my spine... well I say chilled, it deep froze.

"Look behind you." A whisper, strangled through fear and right next to my ear. I pulled away enough to see Toothless's head looking behind and Astrid's blue eyes wide with shock and fright, an orange glow lighting up her face. When I looked behind, I saw why and could only, but copy her expression.

****TOOTHLESS****

After a smooth flight over scenic areas, I sensed Hiccup was going to call it. I slowly started banking towards Berk. A slow, but incessant buzzing filled my ears. I shook my head and carried on. It didn't solve it, it just became higher pitched. I shook my head violently, but it just got higher and louder. It seemed to be coming from behind us, so I looked that way. It was coming from behind us. A small point of orange light followed us and it seemed to be getting bigger. On closer inspection, it turned out to be fire. A Monstrous Nightmare? Was Hookfang mucking about? No whatever it was, it was closer than I thought. Far too close. It was right behind us! It was still getting bigger, when it then branched out into three distinct fiery spokes. They suddenly started spinning around and then another three spokes appeared behind the first and began spinning the opposite way. Whatever by the Red Death this thing was, it seemed to want to kill us. I tried to dive away, but I needed to make Hiccup allow me to turn as my tail was in the wrong position! I bucked and screeched. He noticed and felt that familiar tug. But I couldn't but watch the spinning flames of death behind us grow ever longer... longer? More branches, two going straight out. But I was snapped out of the stupor by a loud, continuous roar. A thrum, thrum, thrum of terror. Finally Hiccup took my harness again.

"Let's get outta here Buddy NOW!" I didn't need to be told twice.

****ANDERS****

The flames died down almost as soon as they had engulfed me. I was strangely, unhurt. Although the flames had caused my eyes to become unused to the darkness that once again fell upon my eyes, I swear I saw a dark shape flit across the stars. It was then I realised that it was night. The dogfight had been during the daytime. Had I blacked out and been flying aimlessly for hours? Impossible, there was no black. The aircraft shuddered. The flames that hadn't hurt me, had obviously hurt the big Griffon engine. Licks of flame sputtered from the exhausts and the propellers would momentarily stop even now and then. Whatever the hell had happened, Maja had had it for now at least. I looked around and couldn't believe my eyes when I saw lights on the ocean nearby. I was slightly stumped as to where I was, it being dark and all, but I swear I could make out the tall peak of Berk. It doesn't matter. Lights mean somewhere to land. I made my way to the lights, but Maja was struggling now. I opened the canopy and patted the big V-12's cowl.

"Easy girl. Not far now." I said soothingly to Maja's failing heart. As if in shame at having failed me, the Griffon engine lost even more power and I instinctively knew we wouldn't make the lights. Apparently my brain subconsciously knew it was Berk, as I scanned the landscape for a small inshore lake. An odd patch of moon light reflected up at me. There! I lowered the flaps and lowered the throttle and gently nursed Maja to the surface. Sweat beaded on my face. The minutes seemed like hours. Without warning, the engine seized gave up the ghost, died. The props slowed and halted. The agonizingly slow descent was suddenly nerve-racking. The lake looked close enough to touch! I heard a noise. Water breaking! I grabbed the dashboard as my head was thrown forward in the impact. There was a dull THUD! and then nothing.

****ASTRID****

We watched the strange thing crash into Toothless's cove. Water flew up into the air and rained back down. There was only one thing on my mind. I turned to Hiccup and spoke my mind, "We have to heck that thing out."

****ERICH****

Herr Kapitan was adamant. With Berk in our grasp and Iceland in reach, we would devise a way to follow that Spitfire... the one that flown in flames.

3. Collective Nightmare

****For me, time has become short. Updates may become sporadic, so please bear with me.****

****I noticed a Minor typo in the last lines of Chapter 2, so they will be reuploaded here at the beginning.****

****ASTRID****

We watched the strange thing crash into Toothless's cove. Water flew up into the air and rained back down. There was only one thing on my mind. I turned to Hiccup and spoke my mind, "We have to check that thing out."

****ERICH****

Herr Kapitan was adamant. With Berk in our grasp and Iceland in reach, we would devise a way to follow that Spitfire... the one that had flown in flames is how I can best describe it. But there would be serious consequences for the idiotic gun crew that had fired that shell. Very Serious indeed.

****HICCUP****

"No Astrid, we can't not now!" I said angrily. She kept bugging me to take Toothless to the cove where that... thing had landed. "If it's a new type of dragon, I'll be sure to go and check it out, but right now, it's late, I'm tired and I want to go to bed." The words came out spontaneously as I stepped off Toothless's back, "And so does Toothless." I quickly added. When he didn't catch my drift, I kicked his foot. He looked up, annoyed, then at Astrid, hands on hips, definitely not amused. He did a double take, then finally reared up and 'yawned'. A bit late now pal.

"Ugghh, fine" Astrid sighed, "But first thing tomorrow alright? I'll wake ya up at 6!" And she ran off home.

"Yeah sure whatever... hang on what?!" Laughter was my only reply. A dragon-esque groan came from behind me and turned to find Toothless face-palming "Oh give over." I moaned as I headed for home. SNORT! And then a familiar dragon laugh.

"Stop taunting me! Gods!" All Toothless could do was shake his head. I dunno at what. Dragons are very strange creatures sometimes.

****TOOTHLESS****

Now you have to understand, a dragon has to do his business. Not as in, 'there's a lot of villages to go and destroy', but, 'I gotta go!' It was very early morning, still pitch black. I got up off my stone and scampered out of the house. Can dragons scamper? Well I did the nearest thing to it I suppose! But as I went to find a quiet secluded spot, I had the strangest sensation. Well, it wasn't strange, but the time it happened... danger. Hiccup and Astrid were in danger! Someone was killing them! But who? I had to go back. I knew I had to, especially when I heard Hiccup yell. Business would have to be quick...

****ASTRID****

I heard a noise outside. It woke me from my slumber. Men were shouting in a strange language. Smoke... I could smell smoke. There was a fire... the village was on fire! I grabbed my axe and rushed outside. The second I was outside the door, someone grabbed my arms and held me back. I struggled, but their grip was too firm. "Nooo! Get OFF of ME!" I screamed. Their were strange uniformed men everywhere but I couldn't see their faces... they all wore masks of some kind. A man dressed differently from the others appeared. He reached up and removed his mask. His face made my eyes go wide with recognition and fear.

"No... no it CAN'T be! We killed you!"

"Oh but I'm not now, am I Astrid?" said the Red Death in a deep, gravely voice, "Bring them!" he ordered and his Red Death soldiers complied. Moments later, Toothless and Hiccup were brought before me and thrown to the floor. Hiccup's large, green eyes were bloodshot, his face battered. The Red Death turned towards me once again,

"I don't take kindly to being killed," a smirk in his tone, "Kill them... make it bloody."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!" I screamed. I squirmed for all I was worth, but it was no use. The soldiers raised their strange looking weapons and fired. The strange man in weird clothes and I watched helplessly as my friends were torn apart, their screams piercing through my heart...

"NOOOO! No, no... no?" I was awake... properly this time. Stormfly was peering through the window, obviously worried. "I'm Okay Stormfly, just a bad dream." But I couldn't shake off the feeling that Hiccup and Toothless really were in danger. Determination wrote itself across my face. I climbed out of bed and grabbed my axe.

"Stormfly let's go to Hiccup's, he's in trouble!" With a roar, she rushed to the Cheif's household whilst I belted it out the front door and didn't look back...

****HICCUP****

"Please don't hurt them! They didn't do anything to you!" The tears streamed down my face, burning my skin as they fell, as I watched the strange man fall down dead.. The heat of the fires was too great for me to handle.

"Oh my dear Hiccup," the Red Death leader growled, "Of course they did! Have you forgotten already?" He turned to his soldiers, "Kill the girl first." My eyes widened.

"No NOT Astrid please!" But it was too late. The weapons roared and she fell, lifeless, to the ground. If the Red Death could smile, he would be smiling now, a twinkle in his eyes, "Why did you kill her? I got her into this, I was the one who killed you, punish me!" I screamed. My pleading fell on deaf ears.

"You're wrong Hiccup. Your dragon friend did. He betrayed my trust. Imagine living your life... without any friends!" He burst into horrendous laughter, "Kill the Night Fury!"

"NOOO!" I screamed. Toothless struggled to get free of the ropes, but there was no point, they were too tight. The weapons chattered again. I watched helplessly as my friend was torn to pieces... I collapsed to the floor, crying for Odin to save us.

"Hiccup," I heard my name called, "Hiccup!" I looked up and saw my father rushing toward me throwing soldiers out of the way. The Red Death seemed surprised and was too startled to move, even as my father's fist ploughed into his face, causing him to shatter like glass.

"HICCUP!"

I sat up straight and screamed. I fought to get the great hands of my shoulders. "Hiccup, calm down!" said dad, "It's alright, you're at home." I breathed heavily and opened my eyes. Dad was knelt next to my bed wearing his nightclothes, mother's hair-curlers in his beard. He looked worried and he had the right to be. I grabbed him held him tight. I couldn't stop the tears coming from my eyes. He returned the embrace.

"It's alright son. It was just a bad dream. Even the toughest Vikings have bad dreams." I pushed away and stared at him.

"Bad dream?!" I cried, "It was a... a nightmare! They were killing everyone dad! Bucket, Mulch, Spitelout, You, Gobber and... and..." I choked back the images, "And Astrid and Toothless... I need to know if they're alive dad, I need to KNOW!" I looked around. Toothless's rock was unoccupied, "Oh Gods no. TOOTHLESS! Where are you!" I called out, standing on the bed as if being higher on it would make my calls go further.

CRASH! The door was slammed open.

"Hiccup?" came the curiously undragon-like shout. But I knew who it was.

"Astrid!" I jumped down off the bed and ran down the stairs. Astrid was stood there, battleaxe in hand and Stormfly peeking through the open door. I sprinted up to her and took her in my arms, taking her by surprise.

"Ouch, Hiccup!" she hissed.

"Oh Sorry" I let go, embarrassed I could feel myself stumbling backwards, then falling. The images kept bombarding my head, but I

didn't want to see them. Not now, not EVER! Someone caught me. Or rather something. Something smooth and scaly...

"Toothless!" there he was lowering me to the ground. If I didn't know better, I would say he looked frightened, "Guys, I'm so glad you're here. I had a nightmare where you two were killed by the Red Death, but he was a human!" Astrid looked at me, confused.

"Well I just had a dream where it was you and Toothless being killed by a bunch of Red Death humans." Our eyes lit up. we jointly looked at Toothless. He lowered his head and whimpered. Whether or not he had dreamt anything, it was obvious he thought we were in danger. Dad, was just as confused as us.

"You mean," he licked his lips and continued, "You three had the same dream? At the same time?"

"It's seems that way Stoick." Astrid replied. Dad shook his head.

"I think you need to see Gothi."

****ANDERS****

It must be my head playing games with me. I don't know these people. I have never seen them before or that black creature. Fine then Kill them! I don't care, I'm not attached to them in anyway! But mark my words. You will pay for their suffering demon! That and more!

Obviously, the crash was harder than I thought. My head thumped. As predicted, the crash-pad hadn't helped whatsoever. So now here I was on this desolate island, with a concussion and dreaming about dragons. Pffft!

****I hoped you liked this chapter guys. Give me your thoughts and remember the choices I gave you in the note... except for No Involvement by the Huns. I have decided there will be at least minor involvement by them.****

****Here is a sneak Preview of the next chapter!****

I crawled towards the strange beast. Strange markings covered its flanks, perhaps some-kind of tattoo. I reached up and looked at the things 'eye'. I could see blood. Fear welled up inside and I prepared myself for the worst. With a lightning move, I jumped and looked inside. It was all but empty. What creature doesn't have insides? A whistle caught my attention. It was the warning given by Stormfly. Someone was with me. Someone was about to kill me...

4. The Find

****CHAPTER 4 EVERYBODY! Have fun! In this chapter, we learn a little more about Erich and we start to explore Hiccup and Astrid's relationship. That will mean a re rating to T.****

****ERICH****

"_Oberleutnant Klein_!" a deep voice called from down the corridor. I

snapped to attention, turned and clicked my heels together.

"Yes Mein Kapitan?" I replied obediently. Despite his rank of Konteradmiral, or in the foul english language, Rear Admiral, I called Hans Fleicher Kapitan out of habit. He didn't mind, seeing as we'd been serving together for so long. I come under his command as a lowly Fahnrich in 1942, when I was posted to the Scharnhorst. He had been the Commanding Officer of the battleship and oversaw the destruction of HMS Victorious during a bloody gunfight. With extreme fortune, only two men lost their lives due to a King George V Battleship, but I was nearly the third. An attacking destroyer shot rounds into where I was standing. Had Herr Kapitan not been there to throw me to the floor, I would've been obliterated. He became my mentor after that and a very good friend, and, although it was a good thing, I was sad when he was promoted to Konteradmiral, because it meant relinquishing command of the Scharnhorst to take command of the then Kreigsmarine flagship, the Bismarck. I was very attached to 'Schonliche Scharnhorst', so I was happy that she was here in the fleet, her new 15-inch guns pointed fearsomely at the island as our ground forces took it from the Britischer defenders.

"The radioman tells me the Seydlitz will be here in two days. Our Japanese and Italian Allies are escorting. The specially modified Drache you requested as well as the experimental aerial weapon have been procured and are aboard." I stood stark still, facing ahead. He noticed his error. "Oh, stand fast my friend." I relaxed and smiled at him.

"Sehr gut, mein Kapitan. I look forward to retrieving the wayward schwein from the world of yesterday. I will be sure to keep him alive..."

****HICCUP****

We sat inside Gothi's house, mugs of herbal tea in hand. Per the Elder's request, dad was outside with Stormfly, whilst Astrid, Toothless and I sat on the floor. The wizened old lady came back into the house and sat on a small chair.

"My dears," she said in a small, yet strong voice, "I speak to others for the first time in many years. I felt a disturbance in the spirit world just before I woke to your cries Hiccup." Astrid and I looked at each other We didn't know there was a spiritworld.

"There is a person here, who does not belong. You must find him, and find a way for him go home." She digressed into silence and didn't speak again. She waved her hand, gesturing us to leave. We were confused, very confused.

"Does not belong? Belong where? Here? There? Everywhere?" cried Astrid as we left. I hushed her up, in case she woke up half the village.

"Astrid, I'm confused too, but maybe all of this has to do with that fiery thing that chased us earlier. When we go looking for it tomorrow, maybe our wayward friend will be there as-well Perhaps it was the loud, fiery thing." I suggested. I looked around and noticed dad had gone back home. Stormfly was patiently waiting and leapt to her feet when she saw us and padded over. The dragon nudged Astrid as

if to say 'come on let's go home'. My girlfriend patted her on the chin in response.

"Well I'll cya in the morning Hiccup to find that whatever-it-was. G'Night!" My eyes widened as she began to walk away. The prospect of being alone, especially after that dream... it was unbearable, not knowing if something was going to happen to her, well us.

"Astrid wait!" she stopped in her tracks and turned to face me, hands on hips. When she saw me face, she groaned.

"Hiccuup! It was just a dream! It's not like anything's going to happen is it?" I looked down at my feet. I didn't know, but I wasn't taking any chances.

"Astrid, I don't want to take any chances. I think it would be best if stayed in one place tonight... just in case." She looked away, deep in thought. She lit up almost instantly, her blue eyes piercing the darkness and she flashed her teeth in a grin.

"Alright." she smirked.

"Awww Astrid please, I can't bear to think what would- wait what did you say?" She grinned again, her immaculate teeth reflecting the moonlight.

"I said Alright. Your house?" I couldn't believe what I was hearing! I then realised a fundamental error in her plan.

"But Astrid, there's only two beds in my house, one's dad's, the other's..." I trailed off and gazed at Astrid, astonished, "Awwww, now that's... that's... clever." She giggled and took my hand.

"It's a great idea." she said huskily. I couldn't help but to agree.

****ASTRID****

It was mid-morning by the time I woke up. I could feel a cold sensation on my shoulder, so I swung my head lazily on the pillow, seeing Hiccup's metal foot. He was already awake, sat up, hair all over the place, looking exhausted and quite flustered. I sat up with an _Mmmm_, curled my arms around his chest and rested my head on his shoulder, my bare breasts tingling against his back.

"Morning Dragon-Boy."

"Did last night... really just happen?" he spoke, without switching his gaze from the window. I laughed softly and whispered lustily into his ear,

"Of course it did, otherwise I wouldn't be here naked in your bed, would I?" He finally looked down and looked me in the eye. A second later, he smiled and spoke again,

"No. No you wouldn't beautiful." My heart soared at the complement. I leaned in for a kiss. Our lips met in passion, our tongues waltzing. I heard a throaty chuckle from the foot of the bed. I broke the kiss and looked. I shrieked at the figure of Stoick the Vast peering over the top of the stairs and pulled the bed covers over my chest.

Toothless and Stormfly stirred on the rock and Hiccup turned and took in the sight before his eyes.

"Dad!" he yelped, slumping into the headboard in defeat. Stoick roared with laughter and climbed up the rest of the way.

"Awww, you should've seen your faces!" he hit the floor and rolled around, snickering like he was drunk. Almost instantly, he stopped laughing, wiped his eyes, stood up and stared Hiccup in the face with an expression of wrath.

"You broke the rules." the Chief growled. Hiccup was exasperated, trying to gain support from me, though I was equally shocked at our predicament. Oh Gods help us now!

"Uh dad, I'm sorry, please, just don't..." he paused in thought and then stared at Stoick in confusion, "Hang on, what rules?" he asked. A smile tugged at the corners of Stoick's mouth, before he burst out laughing _again_.

"Fooled Ya!" he bellowed, wheezing as he drained his lungs of air, "That's just it! There is no rule! I was actually hoping this would happen!" Stoick calmed down and smiled proudly at his son, "From now on, Hiccup," he turned to me, "and Astrid, you can consider that bed shareable." I just glowed, my inside warming up, from embarrassment or happiness, I didn't know which, "In fact," Stoick continued, "I think perhaps it's time you two had your own house. You're both 18. You may think it's young, but I assure you, it's not. You are adult Vikings now and I am proud of you both." he smiled warmly, matching both mine and Hiccup's own internal warmth.

"Well, I should leave you two alone now. I'll let you think over what I've said. This isn't my place to be right now." he tipped his head to us and made his way down the stairs. "Come on Thornado, let's see what's happening today." I heard the main door open and the big Viking clomping out, followed by the scuttling of the Thunderdrum behind him before the door slammed shut.

I dropped the covers in delayed surprise and felt cold air wash over me, tingling the skin. I rotated slowly toward Hiccup, who was just staring at me, smiling enthusiastically. I squealed and gave him a fully frontal hug. He gave me a deep kiss which I returned, pressing our mouths together. He pulled away and giggled giddily.

"Come on, let's go look for that fire bird. We'll talk about our future on the way, yeah?" I bit my lip and nodded. I was just full of excitement. This was the best day ever!

****HICCUP****

It took us a little while to get dressed. It wasn't that we couldn't find our clothes or anything, we just mucked about a little. But eventually, we got out of the house and made our way to Toothless's cove, our dragons in tow. But what had seemed so certain just minutes before, now made both of us start to doubt, to wonder: would be be together forever?

"Hiccup, earlier, I know we were sure that we would one day, spend the rest of our lives together, but now I just can't see it happening." she told me as we made our way through the woods.

"Yeah me too," I agreed, "For some reason, now that I think about, marrying you seems tooo... well much." She looked at me sullenly and for a few moments there was only the sound of our footsteps. When I looked back at her, she was wearing a small smile and she lightly punched me in the shoulder.

"Hey, it's too early to be contemplating marriage. We haven't thought about it until now, so let's just take it slow." That was the best advice of the year.

We carried on in near silence walking the route I used to take when I was hiding Toothless in the cove. All we could hear were the birds singing their morning songs, the occasional distant roar of a dragon and a loud thunking sound. I stopped and listened. It sounded pretty much like an axe hitting wood. Aww no, not _now_!

"I think dad has commissioned the building of 'our' house before asking whether or not, we want one yet and where we would like it," I groaned. Astrid listened and heard it as-well.

"What? This is incredulous! No-one ever seems to ask before they start doing something that will affect us." she snarled. I knew how she felt. Taking her shoulder, I looked at her and told her, "Welcome to my life." Branches crashed in the distance. Astrid raised an eyebrow, pondering.

"Why cut the branches off first, why not just cut down the whole tree?" she asked to no-one in particular. It was a question, but one that didn't need answering, so we continued to the cove.

****ASTRID****

After what seemed like an eternity, we finally reached the lip of the cove. Hiccup was obviously cautious.

"Right, whatever it is, it might be awake. I'll stay up here while you go check it out down there." Unbelievable!

"it's not that I don't want to go down," I said, "But why me?" Gesturing with my hand my chest to get the point across.

"Because, you are better at fighting than me, if that thing turns out to be hostile and not only that, I have very good eyesight." I stared at him blankly, raising an eyebrow, "Hey, remember, I shot down a Night Fury in the middle of the night!"

"Hiccup, why can't you take Toothless with you?" He bit his lip, then smiled stupidly. Agh, I don't have time for this, "Alright, I'll go, but if you see anything remotely wrong, shout got it?"

"Yeah, yeah, I got it. Shout if I see anything."

Shaking my head I turned away and stepped towards a slope that led into the cove. I skipped down and took cover behind a rock. I slowly peeked out from cover and scanned the cove. There, on the shore of the lake, was a strange beast. Strange, tattoo like marking covered its flanks. Several flat horns stuck out from its nose, well, I'm assuming it was the nose and another spike stuck out of the top.

There was a track in the dirt where it had spun around, presumably during the crash. One bit of it looked out of place. There was nothing there, just a frame of sorts that distorted the view of the cove walls behind it. I drew my sword, broke cover and scampered towards it. It was in an awkward way. It partly rested in the lake, the horns, six of them, poking through the still water. I stepped on its left wing and it creaked. I looked down at it, rather bewildered. Each step on the wing I took towards the main body, made a creak. I looked at the frame. I could see blood, floating in still-air. Curiosity welled up inside of me and I reached up to touch it. My finger bumped into an invisible substance the moment I touched the blood. In surprise, I jumped up and quite by chance, noticed the thing was hollow. The inside, it was all but empty. There was a seat of sorts, a stick and lots of levers and weird markings. Something caught my eye. A black and white miniature painting of a woman. She looked very pretty, but it was too fine to be a painting. What in Thor's name was this thing, with tattoos, levers and pictures? It wasn't alive, that was for sure. The wing creaked once more, but I wasn't doing it.

I stiffened, suddenly alert. Slowly, I cranked my head over my shoulder. Without warning, a brute force shoved me against the construct and a sweaty hand grabbed my throat and near strangled me. I struggled to breathe and looked at my assailant. My eyes widened as I recognised the strange man from the dream, dressed in a dark green overall. He was hurt, blood streaming from an open wound above his eyebrow and narrowly missing the organ. He was of a slight build, yet he was so strong! Greasy, black hair plastered his scalp, but what got me the most were his brown eyes. Shock, desolation, despair, anger, but most of all, empty of personality. He was filled with conflicting emotions and I knew he had seen horrors in his life.

"_Hvem er du_?" he said. I looked on quizzically, "_HVEM ER DU_? _Hva gjÃr du her_?!" he seethed through his teeth. I shook my head as much as I could. I didn't understand a word. He scrunched up his face, furious. With his free hand, he reached to his waist and pulled out a knife from a pouch.

"_Tid for Ã¥ sove_." In instant clarity, I knew he was going to kill me. Dammit Hiccup! I struggled for all I was worth, my boots clanging against the construct.

"_S_toppe det_!" he screamed. Big mistake.

A blue shape darted from the top of the cove and crashed into the man. The instant his hand tore free, I leapt towards the bundling mass of blue and dark green. The man screamed in shock and horror at the dragon atop of him. He desperately tried slashing Stormfly with his knife, but Toothless himself jumped from the trees and ripped it from his grasp.

"_Ingen takk_! _Vennligst ikke skade meg_." he sobbed. His fierce resolve crumbled instantly and I watched in disbelief as he wailed uncontrollably, shuddering with every heave. Hiccup joined me then, running up to my side.

"Astrid, I'm so sorry, I-" I slapped him hard and he recoiled in surprise.

"Where were you? Where were you when I needed you, Mister 'I-have-very-good-eyesight Man!" I mocked, "Gaahhhh!" He was taken aback, and he backed up a bit.

"Astrid I'm sorry!"

"NO! Shut up! I was nearly just killed because you won't looking! Did you like your old self so much, you decided it was more important than me?!" I howled. I stared at him, I was on fire! "You know, I think you were right. Marrying each other is too much! Hel, for you a simple relationship is too much! Damn you Hiccup! DAMN YOU!" he stared at me aghast. But he stayed calm.

"Astrid," he said firmly, "Calm down, I think you're overreacting." I felt myself flush, "*sigh* You're right. I... I'm sorry." He came up to me and we embraced, "I was just so scared! I've never felt that scared before!"

"Shhh. I let you down. For as long as I live, I won't let that happen again." I gazed sadly into his eyes. He was such a charmer and made me feel better already.

"Ummm, hello? HELLOOOO?!" exclaimed a loud voice. We looked over at it's source, none other than our easily broken warrior, "Would you mind telling these beasts to get off of me and why the FUCK I'm fluently speaking a dead language?!"

So guys, that was it. I apologize for any grammatical errors in the Norwegian text as I used a translator. Chapter 5 will take a while to make, so hold on tight! And please, no flames. I don't like Flames. (OW! eeeeeeeee0000000000000000EEEE EEEEEEEE! I'm on fire!)

5. Convincing Takes Great Skill

This is Chapter 5 of Lone Warrior. Hiccup, Astrid and their dragons have just met our future friend. He is confused and won't believe anything they say. Will he wise up? Or will he go all Rambo on them?

HICCUP

He stared up at at us, still pinned beneath Stormfly's snarling jaws. We could tell he was scared, but his earlier lack of courage had suddenly dissipated back into the strength he had shown. He momentarily looked Toothless in the eyes, before gazing back at Astrid and I. he licked his lips before he spoke again.

"Who are you?" he asked. I turned to Astrid, silently asking what to say. She kinked her head at me and I knew what she meant.

"You're in no position to ask any questions." I told him, "If anything, we ask them." The man sighed and let his head hit the floor.

"Alright. Ask me some questions then child." he retorted defiantly. That took me by surprise, but I pretty much knew what to ask him. Go by your gut Hiccup.

"Who are you?"

"I am Flight Lieutenant Anders Lanquist of No. 332 Squadron, Royal Air Force in Exile." I raised my eyebrows. Uh-huh.

"What does that even mean?" Astrid returned. 'Anders' cranked over and stared, incredulous. I decided to defuse any possible row.

"What is the beast in the cove?" Anders, laughed sharply.

"How could you not _know?_" he yelled, "It's a _Spitfire?_ We save your butts everyday from the Jerries and you don't know what it is? It's a plane, they fly over every single hour! Assuming this is Berk of course..." he trailed off, "Is it?"

"Yeah," Ok, this guy didn't seem to be very bright, "You're on Berk alright." He sneered at this.

"Liar... You are a LIAR!" he screamed so abruptly, I recoiled, "For one thing, Berk is not inhabited. It has anti-aircraft defences that are permanently manned, but no-one has lived here for Generations! And besides, this cove should be filled to the brim with an ammunition stockpile." Astrid turned to me, her face had 'this guy is nuts' written all over it.

"Is this 'stockpile' for the 'defences'?" she fired back at him. He huffed in frustration.

"NO! It's for the Hood!" he slapped a hand to his mouth the instant he said 'Hood' and pulled at his face, growling angrily. The next word he said stunned us, "Shit."

Astrid shot him a steely glare of disapproval.

"I don't like that word..." she growled.

"Tough, I'm using it anyway, seeing as I just effectively told you where the key to British morale is been hidden." Well, this was perplexing.

"British morale?" I mused, "What in Thor's name is that?" He looked at me incredulously.

"Did you just say, 'In Thor's name?' Who do you think you are, Vikings?!" he sneered cynically, "Pah, you Jerries won't be getting any-more information from me. For all I know, I've been out for weeks whilst you keep me pumped full of drugs until I learn German or something. It's not gonna work _Abwehr_ fucks!" he scoffed in a rage. I pulled Astrid to one side as he started ranting in-cohesively about these 'Germans' and how they wouldn't get information from him.

"This is starting to get out of hand Astrid, the guy's not making any sense. I think we should give him a little more control over the situation."

"Too damn right you will!" Anders screamed. We turned to see him pull something from his waist and jam it into Toothless's neck. In horror, I recognised it.

"Toothless! Grab it!" Toothless didn't need telling twice. In an

instant, he pulled back and snapped the item from 'Anders' hand and tossed it away. He turned back and snarled dangerously. Now it was Astrid's turn to look at me in disbelief.

"Hiccup, what was that for?"

"It's a weapon Astrid, a weapon from the dream. I saw the soldiers kill you and Toothless with similar devices." I swung towards our captive. His face was a mess. Blood was now covering the entire left side. But there was no disguising the emotions. The anger turned, to perplexion and then to recognition.

"You... I remember you now. You were from the... the delusion. Which must mean I am still in the delusion." He returned to his confused state and began muttering to himself. He must have hit himself hard. But where did he come from?

It occurred to me then. Gothi's words...

"Come on Anders, snap out of it. The year is 1945, the month is August, the day is... well I dunno, but I think it's the eighteenth. And it's probably nine o'clock. You are hallucinating... snap _out of it!_" the muttering continued. I motioned for the dragons to get off him. He had to be told.

****ANDERS****

You must leave this delusion! It's confusing you! Unless you're in a coma which means you won't be waking up and you'll die of thirst.

NO! Go away! Why must you keep taunting me after all these years?!

Without me you would have gone insane long ago.

I don't want you here! Fucking leave me alone! I hate you! You have made me do things I regret! Why do you taunt me?!

Because you weren't there for me when I died!

"Shut UP!" I shot up and gasped for breath. The two teenagers stood back, aghast. I noticed the beasts were no longer holding me down, but they were still there, waiting for me to make a sudden move. The boy with the green eyes, stepped up, licked his lips and spoke,

"I think you should come with us. You're hurt. We can get you fixed up." I glowered at him.

"I used to be a Field Medic, I'll operate on myself." I snapped. He shook his head.

"You can't fix it, it's on your head. You won't be able to see the wound."

"I'll use one of the mirrors on my aircraft, thank you very much." Bewilderment set in.

"What don't you use mirrors? Have you even heard of them? Have you lived in caves all your lives?" I demanded. The girl known as

'Astrid' face-palmed She waved her hand. Without warning, something grabbed my shirt collar and lifted off the ground. I kicked and screamed to be let down, but the blue beast holding me acted as if I wasn't there.

"Hiccup? Shall we?" the girl gestured to an opening in the cove wall.

"Certainly m'lady. Come on Toothless, Stormfly." I went limp with disbelief.

"Wait, you named these things?! Why?!" 'Hiccup' twisted on his heel and marched over. Until he was pretty much in my face.

"Why not?" Oh give me a break.

"Look, I didn't just spend five minutes on the ground, only to spend five minutes hanging in the air. Can I please use my legs?" the boy smirked.

"Well, seeing as you asked nicely..."

****ASTRID****

He hit the floor. He knelt there and I swear I heard him whimper. Well, he needed to know. This was the person Gothi was talking about.

"It's not here." he wailed, "It's not here!" the wail was suddenly a shout, "How can a Bofors anti-aircraft gun and its concrete base just disappear?!" How can a tree take its place? It's almost as if it never existed!" He looked up at us forlornly. "Perhaps this is why you have never heard of these things, never seen them and why these beasts are here... I'm in the wrong time." I couldn't help feel a little sorry for him. I walked up to him and crouched next to him, brushing the bangs out of my eye.

"We'll help you get through this. We'll find a way to send you home. Maybe the dragons have something to do with it," I was lost. I didn't know what else to say, "We'll find a way." He looked at me without moving his head.

"You'll do whatever you can?" he whispered.

"Yes." I nodded.

There was roar. I shot up like a bolt of lightening. I took a step backwards and twisted.

"Oh No, not now!" I groaned, "Hiccup get behind me!"

****ANDERS****

I watched in confusion, "What's going on?" I heaved myself to my feet.

"Stay back!" Hiccup cried. There was another roar.

"I said: What is going on?" I yelled. Hiccup turned to me and simply said "The Rogue," Yeah, that didn't sound too good.

The roar came again and I looked on in amazement as a huge dragon emerged above the treetops. It was incredible! It's scales were swathed in a shade of dark blue, with a far lighter shade on it's belly leading up to its chin. Its wings covered a surface area so large, I doubt I could even estimate it correctly. A pair of antler-like horns sprouted from the crest of its skull. It banked towards us gracefully, opened its mouth and...

... fired at us! A great sheet of flame burst from its jaws faster than I could comprehend. I stood there in awe as the fiery death flew at me. Suddenly, I felt myself being thrown to the floor. I shook my head and saw the black dragon that had held me down earlier.

"You again?!" I bawled. The dragon snapped its jaws and kept me down as the blanket of fire made contact. The heat seered my skin, but the beast on top of protected me. Considering I had pointed a revolver at it, it seemed remarkably selfless. The instant the flames disappeared it jumped off me and started hissing. The massive dragon flew over and bellowed as the black beast's hissing became a whine, then a screech. Then, it opened its mouth and shot a burning, blue fireball at the flying dragon. It screamed through the air with pinpoint accuracy and exploded, just before hitting the monster.

The flying beast yelped and dived to the floor, swooping above the grass and crashing down just metres away from me. It noticed Hiccup standing helplessly, growled and crawled over to him, snarling. Astrid screamed a battle cry as she rushed the dragon with her sword. It flicked her away with it's tail and continued on to Hiccup. The dragon above me leaped over and barrelled into the huge one with tremendous force sending them both sprawling. As the beasts did battle, I saw Hiccup run to the girl. The blue dragon that accompanied them kept watch but did not engage. I could see that the bigger dragon was overpowering

"Toothless!" I snapped my head to Hiccup, who was desperately trying to help the black dragon, but being held back by Astrid. I knew I could help. I had to do what I could to earn their trust.

I rose to full height and began sprinting back to the cove. No-one seemed to notice that I was gone as I dodged trees and jumped down the steps that lead to Maja. I knelt down next to her fuselage and threw open the side compartment. Unsnapping the clasps, I reached in and tore out the Lee Enfield service rifle and my personal Mauser Kar98K. There was a rush of hot breath down my neck. I rotated my head to look over my shoulder and saw the blue bird-like dragon staring at me with a beady little eye, growling at me, probably to leave the guns. Slowly, I left the rifles where they were and backed away. Out of the corner of my sight, I saw my Smith and Wesson .38 and knuckle-duster knife. Biding my time, I turned to face the beast. Then, I darted to the side and grabbed the pistol and dashed up the steps. The dragon screeched as I made my way to the top. I would kill this 'Rogue' and show them I was a warrior.

****HICCUP****

"Toothless! No!" The tears burned my skin as I watched my Night Fury have the life drained from him. The Timberjack had his neck in its jaws and all of Toothless's struggling could release its grasp. I heard a roar from behind and curiosity got the better of me. I looked

around and saw Stormfly chasing Anders. He was holding a dark object. He had gone back to the cove and retrieved his weapon! He halted and, holding the weapon in a two-handed grip, he shouted at the Rogue dragon.

"Die Devil Dog!" he tensed and the weapon spat. A whooshing sound sped past my ear and, an instant after the weapon had spoken, the Rogue Timberjack cried out in shock. I noticed that a small hole had appeared in its wing. It let go of Toothless, who limped away much to my relief. The Timberjack inspected its wing and then Anders. It seemed surprised. Its eyes gleamed with curiosity all violence drained away. It approached him slowly as if trying not to disturb a sleeping animal. But Anders wasn't having any of it. He kept his weapon trained on the dragon.

"One more step and I'll put a bullet through your head!" he screamed. No. I couldn't let him kill it, even if it was a rogue. I ran and threw myself at him just an instant before he fired again. The stubby black object rang out again, whatever projectile it used going wild. Anders stared at me, furious as I heard the flapping of large wings behind me.

"What the hell are you doing?! You let it get away!" Astrid came up to us and kicked Anders hard. He groaned at the impact.

"What in Odin's name did you think you were doing?" she yelled in frustration, "We don't kill dragons, so neither will you." He laughed sarcastically.

"Incredible! You plainly stated it was rogue, it comes within inches of killing your friend and then when I defend it, you tell me off?! Get your fucking priorities right! OOF!" Another kick, "Ahhhh, get off of me you twerp." Referring to me? Oh thanks.

"Why do you have to be so demeaning?" I asked in annoyance. He gazed at us, his eyes blazing as he got up and dusted himself off.

"Because I thought that if I proved myself to you, you might trust me. Obviously I was wrong! In fact, I don't even know why I did it!" he spat.

Astrid and I looked at each-other and sighed,

"Look, you don't have to prove yourself to us, you just have to trust us..." Astrid said, "Anders? Anders, are you listening?" he didn't seem to be. In fact, he was just standing there. His eyes were wide open, the pupils dilated, his mouth open slightly showing some yellowed teeth,

"Anders what's wrong?" Astrid asked, but there was no response. Instead, he just cringed, opened his mouth and screamed.

****ANDERS****

You did it because of me!

No, I did to gain trust.

You shouldn't be gaining _anyone's_ trust! Why did I trust you Anders? You left me there to die! Even when I screamed for you rescue us, you still stood there and watched in awe. Did you enjoy watching me, you love, die in that fire?

Maja! You should know I didn't! I wanted to help you! I willed my body to rush into the house, but it wouldn't respond! A part of me knew the Germans would shoot me on sight-

NO EXCUSE! We could've been joined in death! But you let your instinct take priority and you survived. You left us to die!

I'm sorry Maja! I avenged you! I avenged Mama! I avenged Papa! I avenged everyone! Why do you still not rest?!

Because you _failed_ ME!

Pain filled my body. It felt like my skin was burning. It became too much. I cried out and fell to the floor. Why Maja? Why did you hurt me?

****ERICH****

"Have the Transition _raketen_ I ordered been placed in the silo?"

"_Jawohl, Mein Leutnant._" The armaments officer acknowledged. I smiled and patted his shoulder.

"_Gut, gut_. Are the attachments for fitting them to the _Drache_ also with them?" he stiffened slightly.

"I believe the _Seydlitz_ has them _Mein Leutnant._" I frowned at him.

"The attachments are on board this ship Heinz!" I shouted, "Search the _Hindenburg_ high and low until you have them in that silo! Dismissed!" the man jumped, saluted and scurried off. I buried my head in my hands. I swear I'm surrounded by imbeciles! This crew isn't like the _Scharnhorst's_. I looked at my watch. Just about a day and a half until the _Seydlitz_ arrived with that helicopter. I smirked at the prospect of hunting down the Norwegian pilot who was lost in the past. I'd promised _Herr Kapitan_ that I'd bring him back alive, but I didn't say he would be in one piece. I started laughing as I walked down the corridor. The pain I would cause was going to be intolerable!

****Well guys, I hope you liked that chapter. I'm not that proud of this one, I feel I rushed it, but I will make up for it. I have some faithful readers I would like to thank sticking with this fic, especially Nutzkie who has provided me with some insight into this story. This story isn't anywhere near over, so don't go away! There will be some interesting plots, such as a sneaky deception, a hatred arch and a troubled start to a relationship. Stay tuned folks!****

6. Hitler's Cabinet

****An Interlude. No HTTYD characters in this one, sorry. But don't**

worry, I will simultaneously be working on the next proper chapter!**

This chapter will appear in the fictionpress release for my own Alternate WW2 story. Guess Whoooo's in this one?

And another message: the recent READTHIS chapters that went up are no longer accurate, seeing as I deleted them. However I am skating on thin ice.

His blue eyes flitted from side to side, looking over his consorts. The Top Commanders of his armed forces stood before him, heads bowed. His mouth turned down as they took their places at the semi-circular table. Wetting his lips, he spoke to the men who, although great commanders, were making severe mistakes even with the war going this well.

"Sit down Gentleman." Adolf Hitler growled to the Generals, Admirals and Marschalls. The scraping of chair legs and shuffling of feet followed and the men were soon all seated. Hitler remained standing. Standing straight, he reached to a draw, pulled it open and took out a Walther P38 pistol. He clacked it open, making sure it was loaded, before snapping the breech shut and cocking it. Still inspecting the weapon, he said his next words.

"There are people in this room have failed me," he gnarled, "Most of you will be given one more chance, but I'm afraid one of you, has lost too much status to be considered useful any-more " Hitler looked upon the men. Many were still, obedient, but a couple were sweating, pulling at their shirt collars or fidgeting in the chairs. Menacingly Hitler raised the gun and pointed it at each man, with even the hardest disciplined showing signs of fear. He momentarily stopped on DÄ¶enitz, who choked back a plea for mercy. But the _Gr_Ä¶eAdmiral_ was not the FÄ¶hrer's target. Eventually, the gun stopped on Wilhelm Canaris, head of the _Abwehr_. The man gulped started sweating profusely, hoping the weapons muzzle would move on. But the Walther held straight and true.

"Canaris!" Hitler spat, "You have allowed you organisation to be infiltrated by the NKVD. There are Reds in my country Wilhelm and all because you were too blind to see them." The weapon spat and Canaris flinched. The other commanders snapped around to look at their comrade, but saw he was unharmed. None was more confused than Canaris himself.

"_Mein FÄ¶hrer_," he sputtered, "_Es tut mir leid,_ I will be more vigilant, Thank you for sparing-"

"SILENCE!" Hitler screamed, and Canaris stopped in his tracks, "I have not spared you! That was merely a signal." The Conference room doors burst open, lighting up the room significantly and two SS guards came in, dragging a dishevelled _Abwehr_ operative into the room. Canaris gasped as he noticed who it was.

"Oster? What _Gott's_ name has happened?!"

"That isn't Oster, Wilhelm," Hitler continued, "It is a Soviet operative who just _looks_ like Oster." The tyrannical dictator waved his free hand and the enemy agent fell to his knees. One of the guards aimed his _Sturmgewehr 45_ at the man and pulled the trigger,

sending ten 7.92mm bullets into the Soviet's spine. The Oster lookalike crumpled to the floor, his face blank.

Canaris looked back at the FÃ¼hrer, aghast, and found the barrel of the Walther in his face.

"I knew I should've gotten rid of you a long time ago Canaris. You fell for Mincemeat and you fell for Fortitude. You shan't be falling for anything else... except the floor of this room!" Canaris sat in shock, speechless and immobile as Hitler pulled the trigger. This time, the round was not a blank. A 9mm Parabellum was ejected from the muzzle and hit Canaris squarely between the eyes. The life in his body instantly gone, Canaris's body slumped in it's chair, Generalfeldmarschall Keitel, staring into the lifeless eyes, fearfully.

Hitler grunted and dropped the pistol on the desk. Smiling he sat down in his high-backed seat and reclined.

"Dietrich! You may enter." The doors opened again. A smartly dressed civilian waited patiently as the SS officers dragged the two bodies from the room, before entering and taking the now-empty seat next to Keitel.

"Gentlemen, may I introduce Dietrich Gunter, the new head of the Abwehr's replacement, Projekt Wachsame Augen." Gunter nodded and offered his hand to the distressed Marschall next to him, who shook it carefully, "Dietrich, would you please explain how much more successful you have been?" The arrival stood up and, cleared his throat and began his little lecture.

"Projekt Wachsame Augen is the codename of the little organisation I run. Normally, we do small time detective work, but Der FÃ¼hrer employed us a year ago after growing dissatisfaction with the former Abwehr." He emphasised the word 'former', telling the others that the intelligence agency had been shut down, "Already, my agents have operated flawlessly, far better than even the hardest Abwehr spy. We have successfully infiltrated the British, American, Chinese and Soviet military's, providing much needed information to Der FÃ¼hrer. Marschall Keitel?" he turned to the still shaken man seated next to him and addressed him directly, "We have discovered that the KÃ¶nigsTiger will be insufficient against new Soviet armour due for adoption by the Red Army later this year and next year. I suggest you hurry up and build some working Panzer VIII Maus, LÃ¶we and Entwicklung series vehicles and have them ready for mass production by October." The Marschall looked up at him, incredulous.

"Impossible! We have only just started getting the capability back to mass-produce Jagdpanther!" Gunter slammed a fist into the table, sending Keitel into silence.

"It can be done." The spy-master snarled, "DÃ¶nitz! Your carrier fleet is good and strong. Thanks to our Japanese allies, the majority of the American carriers are in the Pacific. However, the aircraft they are using are outmatched. We have had the Immelmann and the Von Richtofen dispatched to the Graf Zeppelin's location to re-equip her and the Seydlitz. Our Allies have pitched in and are helping out with the Jun'yo and Aquila. Make sure Fleicher is aware." The Head of the Kriegsmarine nodded glumly.

"Göring. We are ahead in jet aircraft technology. However, the Russians have captured one of our Me262's and have copied the engine's. They will likely be fielding jet-powered aircraft by the middle of next year, most likely converted Yakovlev's. The Messerschmitt HG projects are adequate for the task as are the Focke-Wulf Ta183 and Heinkel _Volksjager_. Additionally, please decommission the Ju187. It is obsolete. We recommend the Henschel Hs132."

"Thank You Dietrich," Hitler interrupted, "That will do for now. I would like your detailed report delivered in _fünf uhr_." With that, Gunter nodded and sat back down, awaiting dismissal, "Alright, you may all go. You will each receive a copy of Dietrich's report. Use the information wisely. Dismissed." The military commanders rose from their seats and left, each giving the Nazi salute before stepping out of the door. None said a word. Gunter was last to leave. He turned around, clicked his heel, snapped to attention and raised his arm in the salute.

"HEIL HITLER!" he shouted, the intention in his voice telling the others of their mistake. Only three came back, Doenitz, Göring and Keitel.

"Heil Hitler." They repeated, saluting once again, before leaving hurriedly Gunter nodded at them as they retreated before he finally stepped out and closed the doors behind him.

Hitler smiled cruelly. He had an ally in Gunter, a fierce, loyal Nazi who would put his absent-minded commanders in line.

"Heinrich, you may come out now." A figure stepped from the shadows of the dark room. His face was burnt and scarred from the attempt on his life, but he ignored the constant pain he was in, "How is the progress with the Transition weapons coming along Reinhardt?" Reinhardt licked his swollen lips tentatively.

"_Sehr gut, mein Führer_. I am told that one of the ship-based aerial devices was mistakenly used against an enemy aircraft near Iceland. Attempts to retrieve him are already in action. As you are aware, an Fa223 D-3 _Drache_ has been dispatched with enough weapons to ensure it and the 'lost' Spitfire can safely return to our time."

Hitler frowned, "_Gut_, but what will happen to the pilot of the aircraft?"

"He will either be imprisoned or executed. I would prefer his is executed or has come to grief in yesteryear." The Dictator grinned.

"I think I would like to meet him, to find out what wonders he has encountered. Then he can be killed. We have no use for Norwegian _schwein_."

Sorry for historical inaccuracy concerning the commanders. remember this is an alternate timeline. I will explain how they got to that state in the fictionpress history to this timeline.

7. Back to Berk

****Back to Berk and we follow on from minutes after we left off.****

****ANDERS****

I could hear voices. They were all in the dead Norse language. I still didn't understand why I could suddenly speak this language so fluently, when I only knew a few words my mother had taught me.

"Who is he?" asked a throaty female.

"He's from... somewhere else." Hiccup, the boy with the false leg.

"I didn't ask where he was from!"

"I... I don't think who he is is important." said a weedy voice.

"Fishlegs is right," an authoritative male, "Who he is doesn't matter, not right now anyway. We have to find a way for him to get back to wherever he comes from."

"Well, I hope he leaves these behind, " snorted a nasal boy, "If Hiccup's right, then next time Alvin comes calling, we just point and shoot. He'll just think it's a broken crossbow." Broken crossbow? The rifles! They had rooted through Maja!

With great inner strength, I forced myself to wake. I glanced around the room and saw a beefy guy holding my Mauser. In a flash, I was up and had grabbed it from his hands. Barely an instant later, something grabbed it from my hands. I felt a blade across my throat and I was still.

"Don't even think about it." came the voice of authority. He wasn't in my view, but a few others were. To my immediate right were the two teens I was familiar with, Hiccup and Astrid. To the left was another pair, though this time they were alike. Twins, a boy and a girl. They looked very scruffy and to be honest, I didn't like the look of them. They just had an air of gruff about them. In front, were three men. One of them was the beefy one, brown hair and a small nose. The second was fat. Just so fat. I almost mistook him to be a muscular one. The third and final man and a long moustache and a chin that jutted out heavily. His left hand had been replaced by a mechanical contraption, like a pair of pliers. Now then... about that blade.

"I wasn't going to use it." I said to the big guy holding me tight, "Chubby over there could've set it off. They are dangerous, especially if you don't know their power." I felt the pressure on my throat ease off a little bit. Though Beefy boy wasn't too impressed.

"How do we know you weren't going to use it? You might've been."

"Have I tried to kill someone so far?" I stated. Even less pressure now.

"Only a dragon..."

"A rogue dragon I might add." I said in annoyance. I looked at Hiccup. I think he got the message.

"I think you should let go Dad." Dad? The guy holding me was the boy father? The blade suddenly removed itself from my neck and I could breathe again. My near assailant came around me, into view. He was a brute of a man, ginger beard covereing his chest, arms made of muscle and powerful blue eyes. I could tell he was far larger than anyone I had ever seen. He still seemed to distrust me; they all did. I had to show I meant no harm, but hell if I was going to get to know them well.

"Look, I know you're suspicious. But if you would allow me to disarm my..." I glanced at the table the Mauser had been thrown on and saw my other weapons from the plane; the Lee Enfield, revolver, two 'Pineapples' and a German Steilhandgranate, "My equipment, then you will see I mean no harm." 'Dad' growled.

"Over my dead body will you touch them." I deadpanned him.

"Then someone else will have to, won't they?" I said, staring at Hiccup. He looked around, then down at him, confiming my gaze. He tried moving out of the way, but I just followed him around.

"Aw come on!" he whined, "I don't want to touch them!"

"Tough, you're fingers are the only ones that aren't too chubby to 'turn them off' shall we say." I caught sight of Astrid and the twins looking at their fingers and then at me, confused to hell. Ah well. I don't care, the boy can still do it, "Look, they're not going to explode. Just do as I say, and then they won't work. The longarms... er, the ones that need both arms to hold. See that lever on top? Lift in up and pull it back." Hiccup cautiously went over to the table and picked up the Lee Enfield. Following thye instruction I gave him, he lifted the bolt upwards and pulled back. The rifle expended a round, which chinked onto the ground.

"Is that it?"

"No. Push it forwards and pull it back until it stops ejecting rounds." Bewildered, the boy slid the bolt back and forth, each time expending a .303 cartridge. Just seconds later, all ten rounds were lying on the floor.

"Good," I congratulated, "Now do it with the other weapon. Pick it up and slide the bolt back and forth. There's fewer round in that one, so you don't need to it as many times." He set down the Lee Enfield and heaved the old Mauser into his arms. In no time at all, the five 7.92mm rounds were amongst the Enfield's .303's.

"Well, that's the big, powerful ones out of the way," 'Dad' said, "Now how about the little one?" he leaned into my face for effect, his fishy breath making me gasp for fresh air.

"There's a catch on the side, " I wheezed, "Flick it and push the drum out of the left side. Then, just point it at the ceiling, shake it about and the rounds should fall out."

Hiccup once again followed the instructions word perfect. The six cartridges fell down, and Hiccup threw the revolver back onto the table in disgust. I watched as Astrid and the female twin knelt down and examined the rounds on the floor.

"They're all different," the nasal twin said.

"Well, that's because they are different types of projectile. The longarms are long range weapons, whilst the one-hander is short range." Astrid inspected two pistol cartridges. One of them was empty.

"These are almost the same," she mused, "Why is this one hollow though?"

"It is one that was used. That cartridge is now useless." her eyes lit up. Uh oh, I know what you're thinking. 'Let's make his weapons useless!' Well, what if I need them when I go back to my time? There's a war on there ya know!"

"A war?" Obese blonde guy screamed, "With who?" This was getting frustrating.

"Would you please stop asking so many questions about my time and my stuff please? You're all going to be dead by the time it all happens, so what's the use in asking?"

"He has a point," said Astrid, "He has made it perfectly clear that he isn't from this area or time. Let's just hold off for a while guys, he seems annoyed." the male twin rolled his eyes.

"So? What's he gonna do to us if he gets angry? Strangle us?" he and his twin guffawed. Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"Well, now that you mention it..." she bared her neck, showing the red marks I had left on her and grinned as the twins choked back their words.

A door burst open. Everyone looked around to see who it was, but I had no view. Changehands was in the way.

"Good Morrow everyone!" a light, angelic voice spoke out, "I got the bandages as you asked. Is he awake now?" Changehands stood aside, gesturing with his prosthetic left arm towards me. I stared at the woman standing in the doorway.

Hello, what do we have here?

No. Oh God NO!

****HICCUP****

Anders stared at Ugly. His face contorted with recognition, confusion... horror. We watched as he started shaking, scrambling from the bed and into the corner of the room.

"No... _No!_" he cowered down, screaming at Ugly, "NO! You're dead! Why have you returned? Why can't you rest?!"

Ugly was dismayed, "Have I done something wrong?" she asked

innocently.

"They killed you! Why do you torment meeeee-?" he trailed off, whimpering. Everyone was looking at him. Ruff and Tuff shared a bewildered expression, Snotlout must've been thinking the guy was crazy and Fishlegs looked more or less afraid of Anders.

"Ah think there's somthin' wrong with that one!" Gobber stated. Yeah, ya think? Astrid and Dad, however, were positively, erm, annoyed? I dunno, it looks like that.

"We don't have time for this," Dad growled, "I want him off my island as quickly as a Night Fury. Is that CLEAR Anders?!" he shouted at the quivering wreck on the floor. Astrid just marched over and slapped him hard.

"HEY! Snap out of it!" Anders suddenly stopped whimpering and stared at Astrid, stunned. His confusion melted away.

"Uhhh, I must've blacked out there."

"Blacked out?" I yelled, "You were screaming at someone you just met! Why?" He raised an eyebrow, perplexed.

"I have no such memory. However, I do seem to recall someone saying 'I want him off my island'?" He got up and tilted his head, "I agree entirely. I want to go home and fight some Huns." he strolled over to the door, oblivious to the staring faces, before pushing the door open and slamming it behind him.

"Well that went well." I scoffed. Everyone agreed.

****HANS****

"Herr Admiral! Our soldiers have reported a creek that does not exist on aerial reconnaissance charts!" I turned to the radioman, bemused.

"Tell me more?"

"It is incredibly large. They have already made an important discovery." I waited for him to finish.

"Well don't think I'm psychic Fahnrich! Are you going to tell me or what?"

"Yes Sir! Of Course Sir! General Grossmann has relayed to us that the HMS Hood is hiding in the the creek, with a hidden Mulberry harbour. A large camouflage net exists over the area, keeping the creek hidden." Ingenious! The Americans have apparently done something similar to one of their Aircraft factories.

"Can the General capture the schlactkreuzer?"

"He is preparing his army to assault the port and take the vessel."

"Gut. Finally, the British will have something to cry about."

****Sorry this chapter has taken so long, yet is so short. I have had severe writers block. Literally ran out of ideas.****

8. A New Friend

****Hopefully, this chapter will be better than the last one.****

****TOOTHLESS****

"He's gonna get into trouble I tell ya," Hookfang rumbled, "He's gonna walk out and get himself killed. Argyle or whatever his name was will eat him for breakfast." I huffed at this remark.

"First off, he doesn't have a name. No-one knows the Rogue Timberjack's name. Secondly, it's lunchtime. Rogue will have had breakfast by now!" I chuckled.

"Unless he hasn't. Then Anders will be Brunch." Meatlug mused. We all laughed.

"'Sup Homies!" came a squeaky voice. We looked towards the newcomer, the Terrible Terror that had once been locked in the arena. Stormfly's brow furrowed.

"That's not even a word. Where on earth did you come up with that?" she warbled. The Terror just shrugged.

"Meh. I guess it's because we all have homes, so I thought 'Hey we have homes now. Does that make us homies?'" I stared flatly at the little dragon before me.

"Ha! That totally makes sense!" piped up Barf.

"No it doesn't you idiot, how does he get homie from home?" said a confused Belch.

"Uh, Duuuuh? You're the idiot!"

"No YOU!"

"NO YOU!"

"Barf and Belch!" we all jumped as Thornado roared, "Stop bickering! If you do that whilst flying one day, you'll both be killed!"

"Yes," I agreed, "And possibly Ruff and Tuff as well." The Zippleback's heads groaned.

"This is like, the gazillionth time you've told us. We know already!" Barf shook her head, annoyed.

"If you ask me," the Terror whispered in my ear, "I don't think they do." I raised an eye-ridge.

"Really now? As if I didn't know that."

"I agree entirely. I want to go home and fight some Huns." I looked over shoulder at the little building where the humans did their

repairs on each-other Anders was just slamming the door behind himself as he stormed out, apparently distressed about something. Hookfang and the others had also noticed him and we watched intently as he walked by us. At that moment he stopped and turned around to look at us, irked.

"What do you think you're looking at?" he shouted at us resentfully, before he turned back and marched in the direction of the cove, stumbling over a baby Gronckle on the way.

"Ohhhhhh," grumbled Gobber's Boneknapper, "He mad."

****ANDERS****

I can't believe it. That woman, she... she looked so much like her. Those brown eyes, her reddish hair. She was the spitting image of Maja. I can't believe I allowed that to happen. To let my failure consume me. I feigned memory loss to make them believe that I was still strong, but I don't think it worked. It's at times like these that I would confide in Commander Singh. But he isn't here. Technically he isn't here yet. And these Vikings well they don't seem a friendly bunch. Pfft, Vikings could hardly ever be called friendly. I think I'll just keep to myself. Sure, I'll need their help to get the plane out of the cove, but other than that, I'm keeping away from them. I always keep away. Anyway, let's get back to packing these tools and my belongings into my knapsack. I have no idea where I'm going to stay while I fix up the Spit. Hell, I don't even know if I can fix it. I'm a pilot, not an engineer! I know basic maintenance yes, but for all I know the aircraft needs a full overhaul! Bah!

I made my way back up the slope to the top of the cove, heavily-laden knapsack slung over my shoulder. I knew the way back to the Viking settlement. Part of the business of being posted to this region was if you ever crash-land on these outlying islands, you should always know where to find an outpost. So you were forced to study a map of every single island in the area and be expected to memorize it. I guess my trauma and sheer sense of hatred for the Germans made me make sure I remembered it all, to get back to the fight quickly.

A dragon roared overhead. Humph. The Vikings probably wanted to find me, see where I was going. But it sounded familiar Meh, probably that black dragon. What was its name, Toothless? Fffffff, what kind of a dragon's name is Toothless? I saw teeth when it held me down! Actually, it sounds deeper. The blue one then. I heard heavy pounding of the air from large wings. Nope, the blue one wasn't big enough to make that heavy a sound. I looked up just to see who was shadowing me. Ah, it is the blue one... hang on. It's gotten a little bigger... and darker.

Oh Shit! That's not the right blue dragon! That's the Rogue dragon! And it's coming right at me! Run! Run now and call for help! Someone has to hear!

"HELP! HEEEEELP Meee!" I cried. Oh no, here it comes to THROW me to the floor! Oof!

There I was, lying against the base of the mountain, totally helpless, no weapons and my tools sitting by where I had been standing. I strained my eyes open as pain filled my lower back. It

wasn't a lot of pain, so perhaps I could still get away. But the massive dragon was already landed, its menacing snout just inches from my face. I could feel its warm breath as it sniffed me. It was probably thinking if I was good with onions. Or something. It stared at me, yellow eyes devoid of emotion. Staring back was all I could do. I knew it was over. In just a few seconds it would rear its head and bite my face off. It would be real nice if I could somehow cut off its legs with my face. Now that would be something.

"Come on then," I said, closing my eyes, waiting for the inevitable, "Get it over with." The blow that would end my life would come any moment now. It had to. Why else would this beast attack me? To play dolls? Hmm, actually that might be why. Oh the humiliation.

The blow never came. I felt the dragons lip touch my cheek ever so slightly. Curiosity got the better of me and I peered out of my eye. The great beast's pupils were slits, its general feeling being sort of... sad. I hope to the Lord that it is feigning this. I want it over quickly. No. It's noticed me peeking at him. Those big eyes at gazing directly at me. I opened my eyes fully. That kind of emotion can't be faked! It really is sad. But, why? Does it not like killing humans?

"What are you waiting for?" I asked, expecting it to still be hostile somewhat, "Aren't you going to kill me?" Those sad eyes just stared back, "No. No you don't. But you have killed humans haven't you?" I watched as the dragon nodded, understanding the Norse language I now somehow managed to speak, "How many?" I scraped the ground with a claw, scratching twelve distinct lines in the dirt.

"Is that before or after your little war ended?" Uh, hang on, it can't answer that, "Look left for before and right for after." It slung its vision over to the right, "That's after your war? So how come you've killed so many people, yet you don't want to kill me? I'm human you know!" A thought struck me. Hiccup's dragon, Toothless, had a saddle and a stirrup. Stormfly had some rope tied around her chest. Of course! I'd forgotten what Astrid and Hiccup had told me as we went to find the non-existent AA emplacement. When the war between dragons and Vikings had ended, Vikings saw the dragons true side and took in the reptiles as pets, companions and mounts as if they were horses. It seems this dragon doesn't kill on purpose any-more. It's killing perhaps by accident. It wants a rider! A human friend, just like the other dragons. He (I'm assuming it's a He) either was getting angry and killing Vikings because they won't be his rider, or he's killing them by flying to roughly, throwing the unfortunate rider to their death.

"You're lonely. You want companionship?" It perked up, eyes brightening, "You've got it." The huge creature roared happily, rearing up and flapping its wings. I took the liberty to stand up, just as it bowed down again and tried to make me mount its neck!

"AH! No! Don't expect me to ride you. I'm not going to be here for long. I'm going back home soon, well I hope it's soon. Don't get your hopes that high up." The excited reptile didn't seem to mind. It was just ecstatic to have a human friend, "Good! Now can I please get my stuff? I need to get back to the village."

****HICCUP****

"Just give him time Dad! He'll work out a way to get home and we should help."

"I don't care if he'll start to like us or not. I don't like him. There's something wrong with him. The sooner he is back where he came from, the better."

"Hiccup, give it a rest would ya?"

"Thank you Snotlout." I said sarcastically, "Dad, you're not even listening to me, again. He'll be gone quicker if we help him. Working it out by himself could take weeks, maybe even months!"

"He has a point Stoick," Astrid butted in, "If you want him off the island as soon as possible, then the best way to do that is to help him find that way home." Finally, we got his attention.

"Grr," Dad humphed, "Well if that's the way to do it, then so be it! But I'm not helping him, nor Gobber or any of the other Vikings."

"Then I will," We all turned to the speaker and were shocked to see who it was, "It's only logical I repay the debt I owe. It's the least I can do."

"He- Heather!" I stammered, embarrassed by our near relationship, "Wha- What are you doing here?" She raised an eyebrow, "OK rephrase that: How did you get here?"

"I walked across the water with my magical fur boots." For a moment I almost believed her.

"AH! Ahhhhh, okaaay! A boat! Of course! Heh-heh!" I caught Astrid's death glare out of the corner of my eye. It said everything I needed to know: Go anywhere near her and last night would've been for nothing!

"No actually."

"Eh?"

"If you didn't get here by boat or magical walking shoes," Snotlout spoke up, "Then what did you use?" Heather smirked. I don't know whether I should be scared by this.

"How else? Cressida!" She called suddenly. I heard a warbling and the door of the hut was pushed open by a dragon. But not just any old dragon.

"Toothless! You know you shouldn't come in here!" The Night Fury looked at me. It wasn't Toothless, unless his eyes had suddenly become purple.

"Guys, meet Cressida, my Night Fury." Heather announced proudly.

"Well I'll be!" Gobber exclaimed, jaw dropping, "Another Night Fury! And here we are thinking Toothless was the last of his kind!" There was snickering in the corner.

"Baha! What kind of a name is 'Cressida'?" Tuffnut roared, emphasising the dragons name. Heather glowered at him.

"Seeing as I found her injured in a bed of water cress and nursed her back to health, I thought it rather fitting." Tuff's face fell, only to wince as Ruff punched him.

"That's what you get for mocking dragons, _especially_ Night Fury's, idiot!"

"Oh Hiccup," uh-oh, "I think I should make it clear to you: I'm not interested."

"Erm, in what?" I asked, knowing full well what she meant.

"In you. I've thought it over and I think, as alike as we are, you're not the one for me." Well I guess that's a relief.

"Okay, well I have no problems with that," Astrid boasted, "He's mine!" Oh so I'm property now?

Just then, Fishlegs came bursting back inside, startling Cressida.

"Guys, you need to outside, _right_ now!" Dad stepped forward, concerned.

"What's wrong Fishlegs?"

"It's Anders, future guy, whatever you want to call him."

"Is he coming back?" I asked, "Has he got more weapons?"

"No, but he has got a Timberjack trailing him... at _walking_ pace!" Uh-oh. No really, this doesn't sound good. Has he made an _alliance_ with the rogue?

"Alright. That's it. He's going." Dad growled. He picked up his hammer and pushed his way out of the building.

"Ok guys, get outside and to your dragons. Let's finish this rogue once and for all." Gods, I never wanted to say that. But now it seems like I've got to. If this was still wartime, everyone wouldn't have had second thoughts, but this isn't wartime. We know what dragons are like now and we just don't want to do it. All our faces fell.

"I'm sorry. But he's troubled us enough. We have no choice." One by one, my friends all nodded their heads, morosely.

No choice indeed.

****Once again, I'm getting writers block. I have the ideas, I just can't put them into words. So another sort-of filler chapter here. Please keep faithful and try and get me more views!****

****Oh and I think I'll be re-writing Chapter 1... make it more 'enticing'.****

9. On With It

****Sorry about the stupidly long wait. Home troubles mean I can't do most of my work at home. So I rely on the local library which was closed for two weeks recently. Fucking fantastic.****

****ASTRID****

"If you would just give me a chance to explain!"

"There is no need for explaining!" Stoick bellowed, "You have brought one of the few dangerous dragons into our village! We took your weapons and leave you defenseless, so you decide to repay by allying with the Rogue? You shall both die today!"

"Oh for fuck's sake, he never wanted to kill! He wanted a rider!"

"Liar!"

The shouting match between Anders and Stoick was steadily losing control. The Chief, growing increasingly more hostile, wanted to kill Anders, unless Anders himself killed the Rogue. However, he was having none of it and wouldn't back down from his argument that the Rogue was in fact friendly. Eventually, Stoick had had enough. He signalled for his dragon, Thornado, to stand next to him and get ready to fight the Rogue. I watched as all the other dragons stood off with it, growling, snarling and gnashing their jaws at it. Snotlout, Ruff, Tuff and Fishlegs all went to collect their weapons, but I couldn't help noticing that, for once, the Rogue looked... scared. I think Hiccup and Heather has noticed aswell.

"Astrid, Hiccup," she said to us, "Look. It's cowering away!" It was true. Whilst everyone else was focused on the conflict between Stoick and Anders, Hiccup and I gazed on in astonishment as the hulking Timberjack, the very same dragon that had put Toothless in a chokehold this morning, was now backing away, completely docile.

"It's not fighting our dragons. It almost looks scared." I looked at Anders, still locked in verbal combat with Stoick, then back at the Timberjack. It also seemed to be trying to reason with our dragons, chattering away in unintelligible dragonese, but to no avail. Snarling intensely, Stormfly went in for the kill...

"Stormfly! Here!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. Just in time too. She was just a split-second away from snapping the Timberjack's neck, when I called out. She looked back, confused, "I mean it! Here now!" Stomping my foot and pointing to the ground next to me to emphasise my point. Hiccup looked at me and caught my drift.

"Toothless you too! Come here bud." Heather followed suite.

"Cressida, come!" Our very bewildered dragons, out of loyalty rather than want, came and sat by us. By now, we had attracted the attention of not just the other dragons, but the crowd that had gathered to watch. Stoick stared, his jaw dropped, shocked.

"What are you doing?!" the Chief yelled callously.

"We're doing what's right, dad, " Hiccup responded, "Dragons can change remember? Thornado wasn't the rogue we thought he was, was he?" he pointed at Stoick's Thunderdrum, listening intently, "He was attacking ships for a purpose. The Timberjack must've also had a purpose to be 'rogue'."

"But he's killed a dozen good Vikings!" Stoick bellowed, emphasising with a swing of his hammer.

"Not intentionally, dammit!" Anders spoke up, "That's what I've been trying to tell you! He was lonely, but he kept killing by accident! He took all the wrong approaches. If I can just try and make him make friends in a not so violent manner, please?!" Stoick gazed menacingly at Anders, but I noted that his hammer had dropped a fraction.

"Stoick please!" I pleaded, walking up to him and taking his forearm in my hands, "I know you don't trust him, but he hasn't been given the chance to prove he's a good person. If he can train that dragon, then..." I trailed off. Stoick got the point. Frowning dejectedly, he released the hammer, clanging as it hit the ground.

"All right," he growled, "You win. But if he fails, the dragon is dying, NO QUESTION!" He ripped his arm from my grip and stormed off, "All right everyone, nothing to see here... for now. Thornado, COME!" We watched as the crowd dispersed. As Thornado padded after his master, he grunted gruffly at me. I took it as 'I hope you know what you're doing'.

****HICCUP****

"Well that went well." Tuffnut moaned.

"Damn, I was hoping to see those dragons tearing the Timberjack limb-from-limb!" complained Snotlout. Disgruntled, he turned round, probably to go home, oonly to find Anders staring him down. The grown man leaned forward until his nose was just inches from 'Lout's nub of a sniffer.

"I'm glad to hear you feel that way. Next time I come back to this time (which is hopefully never), I'll be in a Mark 18 Mosquito and I'll stick your tiny penis down the barrel of its 6-pounder gun. Would you like that?" Lout looked blankly into Anders' eyes, obviously lost at the assault. It took a few seconds for Anders to realise his error, "Imagine one of those weapons I brougght along, but this big!" He created an O shape with his right fin ger and thumb. It wasn't really that big, but it was definately much bigger than the 'rounds' for the other weapons. Lout eeped in girlish fear, but then he lightened up.

"Ah-ha! You said next time you're here you'd bring it. Well right now isn't next time!" Anders pouted his lips and nodded in humble agreement.

"Hm yes. Oh well, my current mount has rounds that are still pretty big for a rapid-fire weapon." He lifted hand again, a smaller O shape, but still noticeably bigger than what he already had. Before Snotlout could mount any sort of response, I decided to step in.

"Ooooookay! Shows over. Lout, don't touch the Timberjack. Anders, don't kill Lout." Anders harrumphed at this.

"Lout?! Pfft, what kind of a name is Lout? I guess it's because he is one!" Snotlout charged. It took all my strength to keep him off of the traveller.

"Leave him Snotlout, it's not worth it!" I puffed, "A little help?" I hissed at the gang. Gods, Snotlout is strong. Thankfully, Ruff and Tuff came and took his arms, holding him back. Anders laughed, then turned to me.

"Keep your dog under control people. Though perhaps its not necessary, seeing as the worst danger about him is his smelly armpits." He reared his head and roared, "Not the greatest insult of all time, but it lifts my spirits. Now I'm going to go put my stuff somewhere and... well I dunno. Spend some time with Rogue here I guess. Oh and think about how the hell I'm going to get that damn plane out of the cove." He wandered off, muttering to himself. As soon as he was out of sight, Lout relaxed enough to have the twins release him.

"Man, he doesn't even know us, we don't know him and already, I don't like him. There is something seriously wrong with that guy!" Lout moaned. I had to admit, he did seem a little harsh on Lout for a snide remark. But perhaps there was a reason.

"He did say there was a war on where he comes from," I explained, "War does strange things to people. When we had our war, good people became bloodthirsty. Take Mildew for example..." I looked at the disbelieving faces blinking at me, "Okay maybe not him, but you get the idea right?"

"Wha?" grumbled Ruffnut, "What's an idea?" Facepalm.

"Hey guys," piped Tuff, "Where'd Fishlegs go?"

****ANDERS****

"Fishlegs huh? What type? Salmon?" I grinned at the little jibe I threw at the big guy.

"Oh no, it's cod, absolutely." I punched him lightly on the shoulder. I dunno what it was about this guy, but I kinda liked him. He wasn't as monotonous as Hiccup, as thick as Lout or as gormless as that other guy. Our dragons followed us a few paces behind, his bulky, little one and the Rogue chattering away in their language.

"What does a Viking do these days then? With no more war, what do you do with your time? We're nowhere near anywhere to go and plunder."

"Oh there's surpriseingly lots to do. There's, like, always some event that happens like every week or something. Like when the Outcasts invaded and that baby Typhoomerang Hiccup found."

"Tell me, what is a Typhoomerang? Another dragon?" he nodded excitedly.

"Yeahyeahyeah. There's like, so many types of dragon, all specialised for different tasks and environments. For example, my dragon is a Gronckle. She is built to lift heavy weights, crush her prey and be more maneuverable than any other type." I looked the Gronckle over and gave a dissaproving grimace.

"Heavy lifting? With wings that small? Wouldn't this guy be better at it?"

"Oh, you'd be surprised." I guess I should take his word for it, "What's my dragon?" It seemed I had caught Fishlegs off guard.

"Why do you wanna know? You did say you weren't planning on staying long." I stpped and turned him to face me.

"Part of my job is to know my enemy... and to know my friends too." The Viking boy mulled this over a little before it finally made sense.

"He's a Timberjack. The edges of his wings are razor-sharp, _so_ sharp they can cut through fully-grown trees _perfectly!_"

"Really?" he nodded, "Incredible," I commented as we began walking again, "Even my Spitfire would have difficulty cutting even a sapling perfectly. It would just snap it. And don't bother with a fully-grown tree. Maja would just crumple like cotton." The movement in my peripheral vision dissappeared. I cranked my head over and saw Fishlegs had stopped walking, staring confusingly at me. He wetted his lips and spoke,

"Who's... Maja?" Crestfallen, I noticed my mistake.

"It's the name of my plane, a pet name if you will." I said with a lump in my throat. His stare told me I was letting more information through the net. I breathed sharply and tore myself away, clenching my fists until the knuckles were white, "She was someone... close to me. She died and I couldn't save her."

"Was it because of the war in your time?" I did a double take at what Fishlegs had just said. It dawned on me that, although I hadn't told him of the war, he had probably heard of it from Hiccup or Astrid. I had been out a long time.

"She's the reason I... that I had a moment of insecurity." I admitted.

"Insecurity?" the boy snarled, in a moment of anger that rarely came from an otherwise good-natured young man, "Man, that was insanity! You scared us half to death and wrongly accused Ugly of doing things a dead person was doing! I'd be surprised if she wanted to see you again." Ugly. That woman who seemed so...

"I'm sorry. But I was traumatized by Maja's loss and your friend there looked _sooo_ much like her! I couldn't stop a relapse into..." I trailed off, letting my anger at myself consume me. I guess Fishlegs was looking forlorn right now.

"Do you think you're...?"

"Insane? Unstable?" I answered for him. He was taken aback, but

soldiered on.

"That wasn't what I was going to say. I think, you're just repressing your true feelings. You need to let it all out and become your true self, not this 'insecure' man who freaks out when he sees a familiar face. Despite everything, I'm willing to give you another chance." I looked up at him meaningfully.

"Thanks," Was just about all I could muster. By now, I was eager to change the subject, "So, if that Gronckle of yours is built for heavy lifting... fancy giving it a go on my plane? Perhaps Rogue here could lend a hand?" The Timberjack snorted in contempt as I uttered 'Rogue' and butted me with his snout, "Whoa, easy there Tiger!" The dragon growled threateningly.

"I don't think he likes 'Rogue' as his name." Suggested Fishlegs. Oh great. I have a dragon to name now. As if that's the worst of my problems, but still...

"Call it cliché," I whispered to the beast, "But Fishlegs over there said you have razor-sharp wings. How does Razorwing sound to you, hmm?" He purred, content, causing me smile and give me one less cause for concern, "Razorwing it is! Come on you guys, let's go salvage that Spitfire!"

****MAGNUS****

The ship's horn pooted on and off three times. Black smoke belched from the side mounted funnels as HMS Attacker got under way. It wasn't a glorious event. The aerial presence of the Exiled-RAF was being evacuated. We could only hope our replacement got here in time, but seeing as the only ferry ship available was the paddle carrier USS Wolverine that was unlikely. I looked at my friends, Olav and Lars and they sadly returned my gaze. Our inseparable fourship had become a threeship just hours ago when it was confirmed T-for-Thor had not returned. With the squadron's numbers so dangerously low, there was no point in keeping the few planes left in Iceland. As we passed the port's seawall, we reflected on the losses Britain had sustained. 30 Spitfire's unaccounted for, 12 pilots dead, missing or mortally wounded. Three Town class destroyers had been obliterated and hopes were not high for the safety of HMS Hood. I banged my forehead against the hull of my aircraft, O-for-Odin, silently sobbing for those we had lost, not least of which, Anders stuck out. I guess he was lucky. He was with his family now. I only wish I could be with mine.

****Again, I apologise for the long wait, but I hope it has been worth it.****

10. Something for the Rest of Us

****Here comes the next Chapter of Lone Warrior. It is going to take a little while for anything major to happen and I'm afraid it's merely a filler.****

****HICCUP****

In all my life, I never thought I'd see something so unique. I mean, I'd seen this sort of thing before, when we had rescued Thornado's

friend from those boars. But this was altogether, far different. The metallic beast from the cove was being nursed down to the ground by Meatlug and the Timberjack. Anders was guiding Fishlegs to maneuver it onto some wooden blocks he had assembled. With a dull clunking sound, the 'Spitfire' as he called it, was down.

"Alright Fishlegs, that's good." he said, giving the thumbs-up. Meatlug dropped the rope as Fishlegs returned the gesture. For the first time, I got a good look at the machine. Although I had seen it earlier, I had only glimpsed it. It was, well, pretty big. Not as big as a dragon, of course, but it could engulf a person whole. Its nose had six blades of some sort, clustered around a conical cap. Bumps on top and a bunch of pipes didn't make much sense to me and neither did the clear bit in the middle. I could see four openings on the leading edge of its wings, two of which were on long 'stalks'. If I didn't know better, which I don't, I'd say it breathed fire from its wings.

"Woah," Tuff gasped, "It looks really..."

"Really what?" Ruff pushed for an answer.

"I dunno. Sort of strange I guess. Kinda like Stormfly and Toothless had a ba-"

"DON'T go there. " I butted in. Oh great, now I can't get that out of my head. Anders walked up to the Spitfire and patted it. I say patted, it sounded like he was punching it. It clanged in response. He turned to me.

"Hiccup. I'm going to need somewhere to keep this beast. As much as I hate to admit, I need the Cheif's help. Would you ask him for me please?" Before I could answer, Snotlout piped up.

"Oh I know somewhere. I know Stoick won't mind. Here follow me." he waved at Anders to follow and began to jog off.

"Woah-woah-woah, hang a second here. What am I going to do with Maja... err, I mean the plane for the time being?" Lout turned and shrugged.

"Pfft, just leave it there. Who's gonna want to take it anyway?" Anders contemplated this for a second.

"Mmm, good point. Show me." As the pair walked off, I felt Astrid putting her hand in mine. I looked over, seeing her big beautiful eyes gazing intently at the machine. I didn't know how she felt, what she was thinking or if she was just curious. Though considering we nearly broke up because of this thing, I guess it was tormenting her a bit. I know it was doing it to me.

"Don't touch that, you silly beast! If that gets broken, I'll never get out of here!" I jumped as Anders snapped at the Timberjack as it nosed the things spikey looking nose. Heh, dragons. As inquisitive as they are, they do sometimes end up doing more harm than good.

****ANDERS****

"And here we are!" The boy shouted triumphantly. I could only stop in

my tracks.

"Is that it?" I meant it sarcastically, but I guess my sarcasm glands weren't working very well. There in front of us was a run-down old shack. Yes, it was run-down even by Viking standards.

"Yeah, that's it. It ought to be big enough for your metallic monster in there." Snotlout stepped up to the rotten doors and forced the rusty hinges to open. He stepped inside and I followed, because why not?

"Hmmm, yeah it is quite spacious. Plenty big. Hey, isn't that the head of Fishleg's dragon?"

"A Gronckle?" I heard Hiccup say, "Hang on a second. Those shields on the wall, aren't they...?"

"Ohhh yes!" This 'Lout guy was acting rather big for his boots here. I could tell he didn't much like me, but he was being chummy towards me, offering me a place to rest and keep Maja. Though, it seemed 'Lout's suggestion hadn't gone down well with the other teens.

"Oh NO!" Cried a rather distressed Astrid, "How did I not recognise it? This is Mildew's house!"

"Really?" Lout seemed confused, "I was wondering why the dragons didn't come inside."

"Erm, guys?" My words went unheard.

"What if Mildew comes back like, now? He'll kill us!"
>"Relax, the dragons will kill him if he harms us."<p>

"Or you know, he'll kill the dragons."

"Guys?"

"We can't expect Mildew to give up his home so readily. Unless of course..."

"Are you expecting Anders to live with Mildew?"

"Mmmmaybe?"

"Guys?"

"Just a second Legs." LEGS? Do they do this often? The answer is obviously yes.

"For fucks sake, GUYS!" _That_ got their attention.

"Yes?" Lout meeped in a small voice. For a big guy, Lout was easily spooked.

"What is wrong? This place will do."

"But, this is someones home," Male Twin piped up, "He might wanna fight you for it"

I just slapped my hands together.

"I think I can handle it." I grinned.

****ERICH****

"At this range, all ship's batteries will have a perfect firing solution into the creek where our Ground Forces report the Hood is located."

"All of them?" I asked.

"Every single battery on whichever side is facing the island Sir."

"Yes, but I meant all the ships?"

"Every ship, German, Italian and Japanese, Sir."

I smiled,

"Then begin the bombardment."

****ASTRID****

"And the Blue corner is out for the count! Mildew is defeated!" Mulch shouted through the hollowed out Yak's horn.

To say I was surprised, would be an understatement. Mildew, one of Berk's most hated men (but, loath to admit, one of our best dragon killers), was on the floor, battered and bruised while Anders had barely a scratch on him. Impressive.

****HICCUP****

Well that was unexpected.

****ANDERS****

"Alrigh'!" Mildew wheezed, "You win! You can have my 'ouse for your fake dragon thing. Just, don't touch me anymore, I beg you!" I leaned down and spoke in his ear (came to regret that later, the man reeked),

"Cheers Mate!"

****STOICK****

That's the one thing that I liked about him at first. He was resilient. He had Viking Blood in him. I was hoping that with this battle finally over, Anders would move into Mildew's shack, fix his whatjamacallit and be on his way. Silence at last!

Of course, silence on this island never lasts long.

A colossal explosion from the other side of the island. It certainly riled my fellow Vikings. Then I found Anders looking at me with a classic expression on his face, one I often see on him, even now:

'Hey, I didn't do it!'

****ATTENTION!** This is the last chapter that will be formatted completely in the first person context. It is incredibly difficult and I believe the main reason why I have not been able to put this story into words. For those of you who liked the first-person, I'm incredibly sorry, but it had to be done.******

****And of course, many apologies for the massive gap. When did I put up the last ****_**proper**_**** chapter? May? March?! I am terrible aren't I?***

11. Hood

So I finally bought and watched HTTYD2 and it just reminded me as to how much I love these movies. Only real downside (aside from the obvious one that we all cried to), was the lack of HicStrid. The chemistry was there, but Astrid felt a lot more minor this time around.

As for the dragonsâ€¦ the Timberjack is not what I expected AT ALL. They seem to be only orange in colour, have a snake-like body and NO LEGS. That being said, RazorWing is NOT going to change. He needs his legs as a plot-device later on and the tube like body is just ridiculous. So I suppose he looks a bit like a Changewing now, but who said this story was sticking to canon?

And I have to askâ€¦ what happened to the lore set in the specials and the series? Where's the Boneknapper? What about Thornado (OK I know what happened to Thornado now)?

_Anyway, about this chapter. Here's the info I wrote for a planned update chapter: __I had a workable concept here; I was close to finishing the first part of the next chapter. But then my hard-drive became an impotent, moaning bitch faggot and died on me. So I lost several paragraphs of work._

I still have the gist of this chapter, but I've changed it a bit. A BIG bit actually, throwing something from a planned later chapter up here. If you've re-read this recently, you might know what's going to happen. I've done this, because I felt a need to progress the story a lot more, so the fic will not be as long as I had once planned.

And there is an APPEARANCE update. No longer shall you imagine the teens to be how they looked in the original movie and the series. Instead, they are now in the transitional phase as seen in Dawn of the Dragon Racers.

-Key-

"Ordinary Speech"

"_Shouting, names of ships/aircraft and foreign languages_"

'Thoughts'

Dragons Speaking

One final reminder, this chapter is in third-person and not first-person like all the others. If the third-person does not take off, I might consider going back to first person. It also Anders-centric. I just couldn't figure out a way to include Hiccup or any of the other Vikings. But the next chapter will include them.

****Chapter Ten: Hood****

Even before they entered the forest, the smell of burnt fuel and cordite filled Ander's nose. The Vikings beside him coughed and gagged at the unfamiliar smell, but they carried on. The dragons behind lay in wait, in case their riders came under attack. All were wary of the lone Timberjack, towering over them, but had grown used to its presence. In the trees, a black shape flitted between the branches, green eyes being the only way to spot Toothless and Hiccup up there. The Norwegian's keen eyes picked something out that, in this time, did not belong there.

"What is it?" One of the Vikings beside him asked impatiently. Anders didn't reply. He could hear voices shouting in a familiar language, fires raging. He knew where he was: Skeleton Creek, where the best kept secret of British morale lay hidden. Filled with disbelief, he rose from his crouch, stepping out of the brush and towards the edge of a sheer wall of rock.

"What are you doing?!" Stoick whispered harshly, "What is out there?" Alas, he received no reply. Grunting, he called to his fellow Vikings to follow the airman out of the forest.

Anders stood on a cliff face, leading down into Skeleton Creek. It wasn't really a creek, more like a ravine, as it was simply a huge gash in the coastline, empty of life and devoid of any rock formations. But when Stoick, Gobber, Spitelout and the other warriors stepped up to edge, they joined Anders in his disbelief and confusion. Yet they also looked upon it with shock and awe.

The Creek had an occupant. A ship, a vessel so large it made even the mightiest longship look like a child's toy, so tall it made the tallest trees on Berk seem like matchsticks. Yet this huge ship fitted quite snugly into the creek, only the tip of mast showing above the treeline. Alas, it was heavily damaged, decks smouldering, walls torn open and men lying dead all over. They all heard Anders gasp,

"_Hood_."

Suddenly, voices shouted in a tongue that the Vikings didn't recognise. But Anders eyes widened.

"Up there! On the top of the cliff!"

"Germans!"

"Shoot them up!"

Anders sprang into action,

"Get away from the edge!" He screamed, "Get away from the edge!"

A thunderous noise filled the ravine and the edge of the cliff wall began to disintegrate as something ate it away. It didn't take a genius to know someone was firing upon them with some kind of weapon and the Vikings scarpered, just something blew a chunk of the wall into dust. Up in the trees, Hiccup clamped his hands to his ears trying to drown, not just the noise of the real weapons, but the weapons from his dream, ripping into his friends with lethal force. Below him, Toothless yelped as something shattered a tree branch just inches from his head.

"FRIENDLIES!" Anders yelled in English as hard as he could, "We're friendlies! The password is King Arthur!" His screams went unnoticed, drowned out by the cacophony of noise coming from the warship.

"What is that?!" Stoick shouted at Anders, "Why is it making that noise?!"

"That is the battlecruiser Hood! And they are firing at us because they think WE are the enemy!" Suddenly it clicked in his mind. If Hood was firing at ground troops that could only mean one thing: the Germans had landed on the island and she had been discovered. Yet inexplicably and exactly like him, she had been transported nearly a thousand years into the past.

'We need to catch their attention' But how?' Anders thought, racking his mind for the answer, but he just couldn't find it. A standard wave of a white flag might have done it, but no-one here was wearing anything remotely bright enough to be seen against the trees. He even contemplated using one of the dragons and its pale underbelly, but there was no guarantee it wouldn't get shot to bits. Besides, presenting a beast which none of the ship's crew thought existed was something Anders believed was not the wisest move. That and the fact there was now an enormous cloud of dust obscuring the view of the battlecruiser.

Standing up to run away would be suicide and he guessed the Vikings would not take kindly to being asked to leave this great ship alone in a creek on their island. Drained of ideas, Anders could only lay prone to the floor as cannon shells whizzed over him and the Vikings.

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Grand Admiral Holland could not understand his position. Hood was on the verge of being boarded, the harbour in ruins, the several tanks that protected the secret dock were burning wrecks. Yet when the ship was hit by another round of shell fire and she exploded, he suddenly found himself perfectly fine on the Star Mast of the flagship. He had watched the ship and his crew engulfed by flames and felt himself burning, but they were all fine' or as fine as they could be.

He couldn't understand it. The waning evening had miraculously become bright sunshine, the docks, steps and cables holding Hood in place were gone, as if they never even existed and the tremendous camouflage net draped over the area was also, nowhere to be found. Yet apparently, the Germans could.

Hood's upgraded and somewhat improvised heavy AA Guns had begun firing at the starboard cliff face less than an hour after things went silent. The dust cloud kicked up by the shells tearing away at the cliff was immense and pretty soon, Holland became convinced his crew were shooting at shadows, especially with the lack of return fire.

He turned to the ship's Gunnery Officer, a displeased glint in his eyes,

"Order the gun crews to cease fire." The Officer's eyes widened.

"Sir?"

"You heard me. Order the gun crews to cease fire and stand down. There has been no return fire which means they're just wasting ammunition." With a nod, the G/O marched over to a signal box, opened the panel and flipped a switch inside.

Outside, a shrill bell rang out, cutting through the sounds of war and one-by-one, the guns fell silent, their crews grinning, believing they'd eliminated the threat, or frowning with the lack of a fight the Germans put up. Satisfied, the Admiral turned back to the small window, staring out of it at the dissipating dust cloudâ€

â€and was surprised by the gaggle of men he saw clustered just before the cliff face.

"Binoculars, someone give me binoculars!" he ordered, holding his hand out and gripping when a pair of binoculars was shoved into his palm. With a graceful sweep of the arm, Holland had the device pressed against his eyes. He instantly knew these men weren't Germans. In fact he didn't know who they were. From the clothes they wore to the weapons they wielded, everything about them was just off.

But among these unfamiliar men, was a familiar presence, kneeling besides a huge man with a bushy red beard, was the flight suit of an RAF pilot, minus parachute and the various other things the pilots were equipped with before they got in the cockpit. When the shaggy black hair of the pilot lifted up cautiously, revealing his face, the Admiral had to stifle a gasp that was somewhere between shock and relief. He was staring at a pilot who had been declared MIA two nights ago, and in this time, MIA usually meant KIA. To see the man's face again was a relief, but that couldn't explain who all these men were beside him. Anders Lanquist had always been a bit of an oddity.

Not even bothering to hand the crewman his binoculars back, Holland stormed out of the mast onto the balcony at the rear.

"_Anders Lanquist!_"

Anders perked up at his name, finding himself staring at the star mast and the figure standing on its balcony. There was no need to tell him who that figure was.

"_Admiral Holland!_" he yelled back, grinning from ear-to-ear, "_What a pleasant surprise to meet you here!_ _And glad to see you're still

in one piece, Sir!_"

"_Not quite one piece Sergeant. We've lost a lot of men and the old girl's taken a battering. The Germans are in the process of taking over the island,_" Anders scowled, frustrated at his inability to do anything about it, "_Speaking of which, Lanquist; where the bloody hell are the bastards?_"

Anders drew in a heavy breath, shaking off Stoick's hand from his shin as the Chieftain tried to get his attention,

"_Admiral, there's something I need to tell you and I don't think you're going to like it Sir."_"

However, before he could ask what Lanquist meant, something caught the Admiral's eye. Once again lifting the binoculars to his face, he spied a large blue reptilian head poking out from the brush. If he didn't know better, he'd have said it was a dragon. Big crooked horns and several sharp teeth poked out of its mouth, the sight of them widening his eyes in alarm. But Holland was able to handle surprises better than others. He had started 'training' himself to expect the unexpected since the Battle of Denmark Strait four years earlier, and so he quickly got over his astonishment.

"_Lanquist look out, there's some ruddy great beast behind you!_"

Anders stiffened, and then swung around. The wide curious gaze of Razorwing met his own.

"What are you doing?!" he scolded, switching back to Norse easily; "I thought I asked you to stay in the bushes! Get back in there."

Alas, the giant Timberjack was still a bit of a rogue and instead of doing as he was told, he stalked out of the bushes, revealing his entire form to a the surprised crew members on _Hood_'s Star-Mast. And then we walked to the edge of the creek and peered down at the ship, surprising even more crew. Then one of them took a pot shot, whizzing past the dragons head.

"_Get back Anders, we'll take it down!_" The Admiral called out, signalling to the ships compliment. Rifles, cannon and HA/LA guns were pointed at Razorwing, who was completely oblivious to the destructive power that was now facing in his direction. But no-one could fire, not because they could only see the dragons head, but because Anders had ignored Holland's warning and placed himself next to its head.

The Admiral knew there was more than meets the eye when the pilot beckoned to his burly companions to join him, creating a human wall. The trees rustled as more dragons of various colours shapes and sizes emerged, including one that was jet black and being ridden by a gangly young man and joined the wall as well.

"_As I said Admiralâ€¦ there's something I need to tell you._"

A/N: I didn't really like that bit much. Guess I'm just really rusty. Any suggestions for improvements?

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The gunshot reverberated through the halls like a gong had been struck. Wide, terrified eyes watched as the Munitions Officer slid down the wall, leaving a trail of blood behind him, before he slumped to the floor, his brains dripping onto the mess deck.

Erich holstered his Luger, briefly turning to KäinterAdmiral Fleicher who gave his apprentice a small nod, before turning to the horrified crewmembers of the Hindenburg.

"The news came in this morning. Our troops successfully took control of the Creek where HMS Hood was being stored. The ship was gone, vanished into thin air. Of course, we would have known if the ship was trying to leave. We would have seen it leaving after all. So how did the ship disappear?" The corners of his mouth turned down, his brows furrowing into a heated glare,

"The same way as that Spitfire the other day. Because someone didn't pay attention to the shells his was assigning to each gun. We are not at the stage yet of finding a useful purpose for the Transition weapons, yet they are filling the ready-racks of our guns!" He looked down at the crumpled body of the ships Munitions Officer,

"He was just an example. I want every single ONE of those weapons in a secure compartment within the hour and only myself and Admiral Fleicher will say when they can be deployed. Is that absolutely clear?"

"JAWOHL MEIN LEUTNANT!" came the cry. With a carefree flick of his hand, Erich dismissed the crew, who scurried away.

"We needed him you know." Hans Fleicher told his protÃ©gÃ©. Erich only scoffed.

"There are plenty more in the Fatherland. Plenty who don't make mistakes." Hans shrugged in agreement, lips pursed.

"I've already ordered a second weapon to be requisitioned for your Drache to enable you to bring back Hood as well."

"It all depends on how damaged she is Mein Kapitan. We did shell that area several times, but who knows which barrage was the one that sent her back to yesteryear."

Hans looked up at the ceiling in thought, "We weren't the only ones shelling her Erich. The bombardment started a good quarter of an hour before we fired our first salvo. We are the only ship in the fleet with these weapons after all, so I think she'll have taken some damage at the leastâ€¦" Hans looked back at Erich, who had sat down on one of the mess deck benches, deep in thought, "Use the weapon at range Erich. It's your best chance."

The younger man got up to leave, but his mentor's hand caught a hold of his shoulder, "I think you should know. She's ready to go. Der FÃ¼rher hand-picked the crew himself. Best of the best." The wizening man sighed as he tightened his grip, "Be careful, mein Sonn."

Erich turned, stunned by his mentors words, his normally hard eyes

softening. He embraced the Admiral in a bear hug.

"I will _Mein steifvater_. I will."

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A few miles away on the Isle of Berk, a German soldier patrolling a field caught something in the corner of his eye. He stopped in his tracks and turned to find himself face to face with a large, spiky lizard. The reptile noticed it was being watched and quickly scampered away. Confused, the soldier followed it, though he quickly lost sight of it. His gaze rotated downwards to the object it had been resting on. Crouching down, he inspected the crusty brown lump.

His confusion grew when he recognised the material as rust. Years of neglect had left the object as little more than a crumbling mess. He reached down and picked up a somewhat more intact object that was sticking out of the flaky mess. In his hands, was an engine piston. But the amount of rust this 'engine' had, or rather was made of, couldn't be right. It looked like it had been sitting there in this field for a thousand years. He decided not to pursue the matter. It was just an oddity. It was more than likely the salty sea air had helped this engine to rust. He dropped the piston and it exploded in a cloud of rust.

Returning to his patrol, he didn't think as why there was an engine on the island in the first place. There hadn't been people on the island for generations.

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A few miles away on the Isle of Berk and a thousand years in the past, a pilot, a chief, an heir and an admiral, walked through the Viking settlement. Holland hadn't been amused when Anders told him that he and his ship were now in the past, that he hadn't been born yet and that he was surrounded by beasts that he'd grown up to believe were nothing but the stuff of myths and legends. But his disdain was short lived as he felt safe here. The fact there was no Germans, Italians or Japanese and no constant threat of being shelled. Here, in this simpler time, the admiral felt at peace for the first time since the war began.

He couldn't understand anything these people said though. Lanquist seemed to be fluent in the tongue, which was something he didn't know about the man, though there was much he didn't know about him. Lanquist had been an enigma from the start.

After that great big blue dragon had dropped Lanquist off at the Mast, he had been invited to tour the past of Berk. To see the depression the mountain had once been a Great Hall, with hulking doors and pillars of sturdy oak inside was a marvellous sight. The wells, the paving stones, even the torches, still standing strong (or at least one of them was) was something an archaeologist would give several precious artefacts to see.

But the most intriguing sight of all was Anders conversing with the young dragon rider in a very animated discussion. Lanquist was selective with the people he called 'friends'. His flight, _Valhalla Storm_ as they called themselves, Commander Rajit Singh, and the Air

Commodore where the few people Anders associated with in their time. They all had one thing in common: they were all older than he was. He preferred the company of older men, for their wisdom and maturity. He steered clear of the few woman on the island and he totally ignored the many twenty-something's around him.

So seeing him talking with someone who was obviously a teenager was a rare sight indeed and it proved to Holland that the Norwegian did have a softer side.

"Admiral?" Holland snapped out of his stupor, seeing Lanquist standing there and gazing at him intently. It became clear he had been asked a question.

"Sorry Sergeant, it's just a lot to take in. You were saying?"

"Since we're both going to be here a while Sir, I was thinking maybe I could ask for a few of your men to help me repair my Spitfire, Sir?" The question was harmless enough, but it reminded Holland, that no matter where he was, there was a war on and the number of men he had lost. He still didn't know the precise number.

"I'll see what I can do, Lanquist. But no promises. As I said, we took a hell of a beating back there, especially with jet bombers replacing the Super-Stukas and all."

Anders did a double take,

"Jet-bombersâ€¦ Sir?" he asked, aghast, "But they didn't have any in that fleet when I was transported hereâ€¦" The horror on his face only grew, causing the dragon rider and the Viking Chief to look troubled at the exchange,

"How long have I been gone Sir?" The Admiral closed his eyes and sighed,

"Nearly two weeks, Sergeant."

Lanquist heaved, coughing at this revelation,

"Two weeks?!" he exclaimed in utter disbelief, "But Admiral, I've been here for barely two days!"

The Admiral could only join in his surprise. Anders gulped down the bile that had risen to his throat,

"Sir, we've got to get back. Every second we spend here-"

"The Axis come closer to winning the war," The two men shared a moment of dread, knowing exactly what was on each other's mind, "Question isâ€¦" Holland started.

"How do we get back?" Anders finished. Neither man knew.

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_I was going to do more with this one, but I figured this would be enough for now. Sorry that the chapter is Anders centric. I couldn't

think of a way to write Hiccup in, but I promise he will have a much bigger part in the next chapter._

And once again, I really must apologise for the huge delay on this chapter. Depression, gay hard-drives and addictions have been to blame for this one.

Oh, and did I mention I need a pre-reader for this story? If anyone is interested, just PM me. Any changes/constructive criticism suggested in reviews I will enact if I find it makes sense or it is better than what I have written here

End
file.